

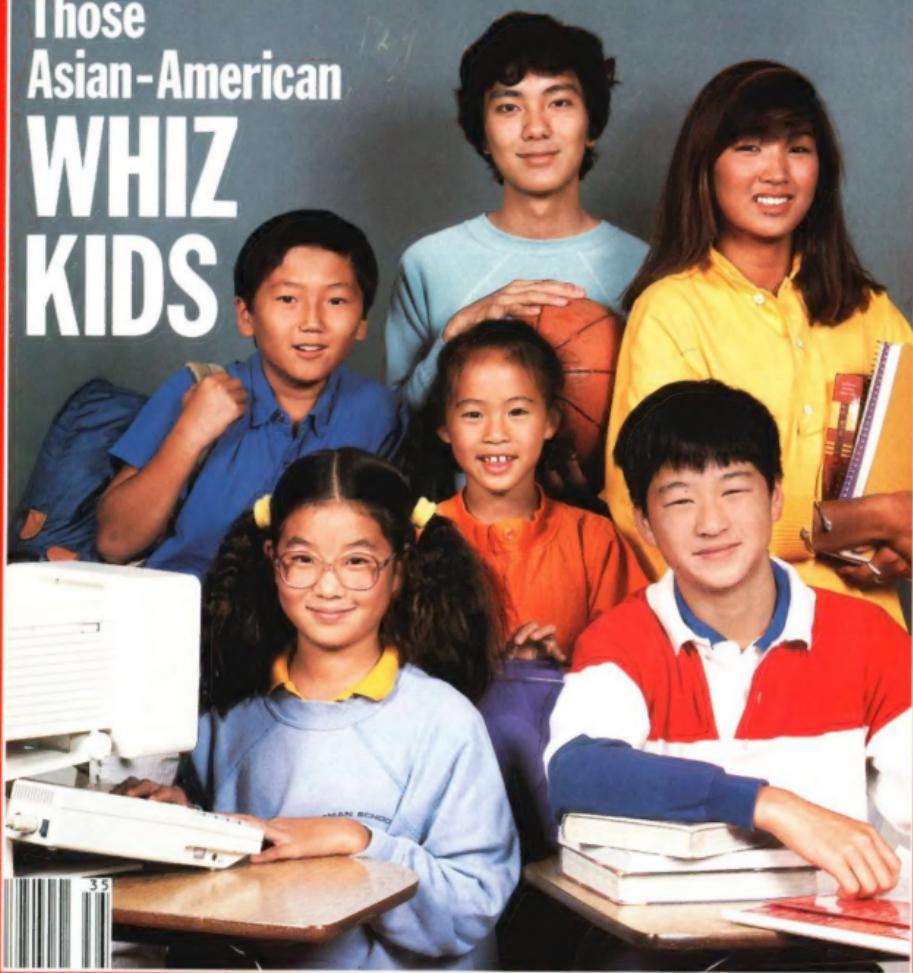
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The Army's  
Secret  
Army

# TIME

Those  
Asian-American  
**WHIZ  
KIDS**



35

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# Nuclear energy helped America achieve its energy balance. Is it a balance we can keep?

The 1973 Arab oil embargo forced America to turn to alternatives to foreign oil. Reliable alternatives. America increased its use of electricity from nuclear energy and coal and began to make important strides toward energy independence.

We have since let our guard down. Oil imports are rising steadily and now rival 1973's. The implications of this foreign dependence are clear. So are the solutions.

## A dangerous rise in oil imports

America imported four million barrels of oil a day in 1985. In 1986, that figure jumped to over five million barrels a day. By 1990, we will most likely rely on imports for nearly half our needs. Some say as much as 75%. Compare that to 35% in 1973.

What happens when we become too dependent on foreign sources? We lose our balance. It's the first misstep toward losing our

energy security. In 1973, that meant short supplies, long gas lines, expensive fuels and critical damage to our economy.

## A reliable supply of nuclear electricity

America has over one-fourth of the world's uranium. We have over 100 plants to convert it to electricity. According to energy analysts at Science Concepts, Inc., U.S. nuclear plants saved over two billion barrels of oil between 1973 and 1986. That's roughly one-fourth of the total amount of oil imported from Arab OPEC countries during the same period.

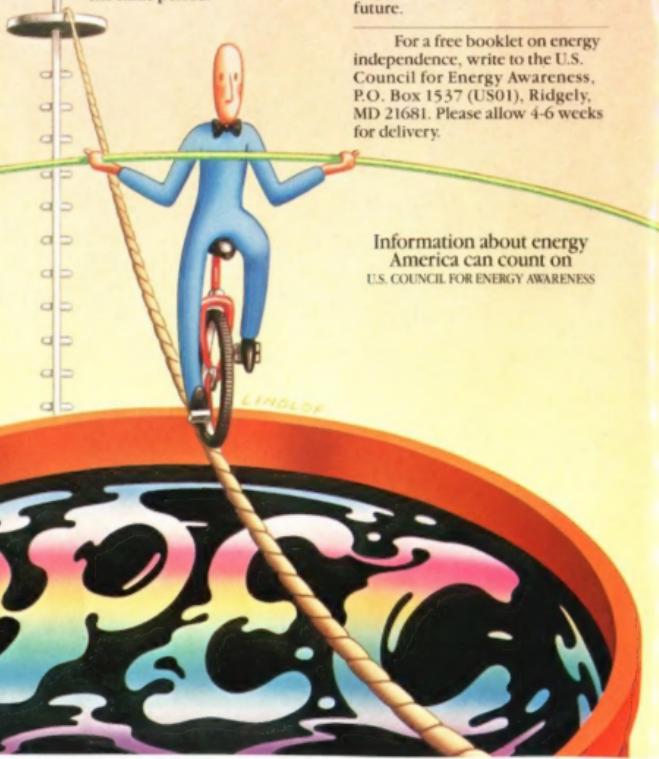
And, while our use of oil and natural gas is down from 1973 levels, we now use about 45% more coal and almost 400% more nuclear energy than we did then.

## Nuclear energy for a secure future

Obviously, nuclear energy can't completely replace oil here. And our own limited oil resources will force us to continue to rely on foreign suppliers. The good news is nuclear energy and coal, America's two leading sources of electricity, have helped us establish a more secure energy mix. They can help us build a more secure energy future.

For a free booklet on energy independence, write to the U.S. Council for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 1537 (US01), Ridgely, MD 21681. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Information about energy  
America can count on  
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4.8%	48 months	12,492	286.55	1,956.00

\*Does not include license, fees, taxes, or customer-selected service and insurance.

\*\*Based on the average finance rate of 11.73% for vehicles financed by GMAC and not eligible for a special rate for the month of July, 1987.

†"Oh Boy!" By Sonny West, Bill Tighman and Norman Petty. ©1987 Wren Music Co. (renewed 1985).

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# BUICK

## International Shipping: Customs



© Chronicle Features, 1983

### If international shipping were this simple, you wouldn't need DHL.

Many domestic air express companies want you to believe that shipping overseas is as easy as getting out of bed. Unfortunately, the world doesn't work that way.

Overseas, your shipment faces obstacles like International Customs. With regulations that change almost daily.

That's why DHL double-checks everything before your package leaves the States. Then we electronically send the information ahead to our own DHL customs brokers so they can start the

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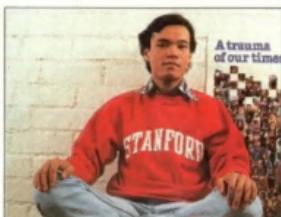
So next time you're shipping to The Far Side of the world, call DHL. Because if you think getting up on the wrong side of the bed is bad, imagine what your package will feel like if it winds up on the wrong side of the world.



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## COVER: Bright Asian-American students 42 are the marvel of U.S. classrooms

Just 2% of the population, they will be 14% of the new Harvard freshman class, 25% of Berkeley's. But the sky-high marks and superlatives are exacting a price: stress, a dropout problem among the poorer and less gifted, even the specter of anti-Asian quotas at the best universities. Still, this is the most impressive generation of immigrants' children in decades. See EDUCATION.



## NATION: The Army's secret army, a tale 12 of lofty goals but disappointing results

Bureaucratic bumbling and feuding hinder the effectiveness of exotically named units with high-tech equipment, raising again an old dilemma: How can the U.S. prepare for unconventional war while maintaining democratic control of the military? ▶ Did pilot oversight cause the Detroit air crash? A mystery deepens. ▶ In Colorado, convicts learn to be cowboys.



## WORLD: An American hostage goes 24 free in Beirut after 62 days of captivity

The return of abducted Journalist Charles Glass raises questions about whether he slipped away unaided or was permitted by his captors to escape. ▶ Both Iran and the U.S. hunt for mines in the Persian Gulf. ▶ A lone gunman brings death to a sleepy English town. ▶ After years of permissiveness, the Dutch are now beginning to wonder if they have gone too far.

**36****Economy & Business**

Franchising is hotter than ever. ▶ Insurance firms face the staggering cost of AIDS. ▶ Green fever can be deadly in Colombia.

**52****Computers**

At M.I.T.'s dazzling Media Lab, researchers aim to create newspapers, movies and TV that can respond to individual tastes.

**60****Press**

His newer readers may not have known that recently retired Timesman James ("Scotty") Reston was the best journalist of his time.

**61****Books**

COLUMNIST William Safire turns to fiction with a 1,125-page Civil War novel but is swamped by facts. ▶ A powerful Joyce Carol Oates.

**54****Medicine**

Are residents too tired for their own—and their patients'—good? There are proposals for reforming the way doctors are trained.

**63****Living**

Was it a pray-in or a party? At sacred sites around the globe, New Agers gathered to celebrate the dawn of a spiritual era.

**58****Music**

At the glittering Salzburg Festival, a controversial *Moses und Aron* and a gleaming *Don Giovanni* are the talk of the town.

**6 Letters****53 Religion****56 Space****59 People****64 Food****66 Milestones****Cover:**

Photograph by  
Ted Thai

## A Letter from the Chairman

Henry Grunwald's career reads like the script of a Frank Capra movie. At 15, he fled his native Vienna after the Anschluss swept Austria into Hitler's Reich. He honed his English in movie theaters while attending New York University and started at TIME as a copyboy. Now at retirement age, he is stepping down as editor-in-chief of Time Inc., only the third person in 64 years to hold this position.

Right from the start Grunwald attracted notice. His first boss at TIME remembered him as "driven, willing to work terribly hard." Others soon noted what graced that drive: a capacious intellect, an incisive wit and a consistent ability to turn out elegant, exact prose. His ascent was rapid, and he became managing editor in 1968. Grunwald transformed TIME. He instilled new depth and vitality in the formula developed by Henry Luce and Britton Hadden.

As editor-in-chief since 1979, Grunwald brought that same spirit of disciplined creativity to our six magazines. Always in search of new trends, new perspectives and new ideas, he remained a prose purist who would settle for nothing less than the best-written and best-designed magazine possible.

He was equally demanding with staff. Only the best would do. One of them, Jason McManus, succeeds Grunwald as editor-in-chief. McManus was reporting for TIME's London bureau in 1958



Henry Grunwald



Jason McManus

while still a Rhodes scholar at Oxford University. He was the magazine's first Common Market bureau chief, and has served in a wide range of editorial positions, including TIME managing editor and deputy to the editor-in-chief.

Ray Cave will be Time Inc.'s new editorial director, the second highest editorial position in the company. Cave came to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in 1959 and rose to executive editor. He was managing editor of TIME from 1977 to 1985.

History often takes a long time to pass final judgment on a career. In Grunwald's case the verdict is in.

Acknowledged as one of the most influential presences in American journalism, he was a vigorous practitioner of the policy we at Time Inc. call "church and state." By this we mean the traditional freedom of our writers and editors to describe the world as they see it, without interference from the business side.

Grunwald is now being considered as U.S. Ambassador to Austria. In his tenure as editor-in-chief, he worked hard at improving the quality of our magazines, ensuring their continued leadership in their separate fields. Under McManus, this legacy of excellence will endure.

J. Richard Moore

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# Pleasure Trip

Don't let radar spoil it: Remember your Passport

Imagine setting out on a long day's drive and not having to worry about radar. Seeing America might be fun again if you didn't have to watch it unfold in the rearview mirror.

## PASSPORT means low-profile protection

PASSPORT has exactly what the vacationing driver needs: advanced radar protection, yet none of the nuisances you've come to expect of ordinary radar detectors.

The experts at *Car and Driver* magazine gave us a rave review: "In a word, the Passport is a winner."

Our customers agree, even though we allow them ample opportunity to do otherwise. Every Passport is sold with the promise that it will live up to the customer's highest hopes, not just our claims. If it doesn't satisfy within the first 30 days, it can be sent back for a full refund.

PASSPORT has been on the market just over a year and already our money-back offer has been declined a quarter of a million times. So we'll stand on our record.

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All you do is clip PASSPORT to your dashboard, windshield or visor, plug it in, and adjust the volume. Upon radar contact, the alert lamp glows and the variable pulse audio begins a slow warning: "beep" for X band radar, "brap" for K band. Simultaneously a bar graph of Hewlett-Packard LEDs shows radar proximity.



PASSPORT comes complete with all accessories.

As you get closer, the pulse quickens and the bar graph lengthens. PASSPORT watches for radar so you can watch the road.

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## Letters

### Shifting Sands

To the Editors:

As a youngster, I summered for years at my grandmother's in a non-oceanfront area of Westhampton Beach, N.Y. Some of the more memorable times were spent surveying the devastation to the beach-front homes after the inevitable storms. As your article points out [ENVIRONMENT, Aug. 10], this is nothing new. Surely the folks building pricey oceanfront homes know it too. While losing a home to the elements must be dreadful, I find it hard to be too sympathetic when the risks are so obvious.

Betsy Gray  
Norfolk, Va.



I am not concerned about where the beaches are, nor am I concerned about those who failed to learn the Sunday school story about the wise man who built his house on a rock and the foolish man who built his house on the sand (*Matthew 7: 24-27*).

Norman Van Mersbergen  
Cedar, Iowa

Contrary to the many opinions expressed in your story, the West Coast is not falling into the sea. As a coastal engineer for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, I believe you did not present a balanced scientific perspective on beach erosion. Our studies for the Army indicate that Southern California beaches have been in a state of "dynamic equilibrium" for the past century or so. The width of the beach varies from year to year, but there has been no wholesale disappearance of coastline. There are stretches of eroded beach, but most of these are the result of man's interference with the natural flow of sand. The gloom-and-doom quotes of the coastal geologists you cited appear to be statements reflective more of political viewpoints than of objective engineering analyses regarding the nation's coastal-erosion problem.

Tom Dolan  
Los Angeles

You aptly point out the serious environmental and economic consequences of current coastal erosion. In some cases there is no alternative but to allow nature to take its course and accept whatever damages occur. However, there are some instances when modern engineering can slow the ocean's encroachment. In Oceanside, Calif., the erosion of nearby beaches is being checked by curbing tidal action with a submerged offshore breakwater and a bypass system that takes sand collected in the mouth of the local harbor and redirects it back onto adjacent beaches. Unfortunately, such efforts are costly. Our society must make a choice of whether to accept the inevitable forces of nature or make the necessary expenditures to guarantee the continued vitality of our coastal economies.

Ron Packard, U.S. Representative  
43rd District, California  
Washington

### Treacherous Waters

Again the Reagan Administration has put the U.S. in a totally indefensible position with its operation in the Persian Gulf [NATION, Aug. 10]. The only possible outcome of reflagging Kuwaiti tankers is that American lives will be lost. When this tragedy occurs, the President will have two alternatives: either another humiliating retreat, as in Beirut in 1983, or involvement in a war we should not be in.

Jack Pearman  
Hammond, Ind.

The determining factor for the U.S. presence in the Persian Gulf is not the tiny portion of our crude oil that comes from the region. It is the financial panic that would result from closing the area to the industrialized nations and the ensuing bidding wars. A firm stand now will prevent \$2- and even \$3-per-gal. prices at the pumps. Yes, the U.S. is vulnerable.

Louis A. Malnassy  
Chicago

### Fragile Accord

The treaty that Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi has signed with Sri Lankan President J.R. Jayewardene [WORLD, Aug. 10] is political trickery on Gandhi's part. First he openly encouraged revolt by the Tamils, and then he bullied Sri Lanka into submission. The terms of settlement betray the people of Sri Lanka, who have been pressured by a strong neighbor to hand over part of their territory to foreign control. I wonder how an experienced politician like Jayewardene was hoodwinked into signing this pact.

Tejpal Singh Dhillon  
Smithfield, N.C.

The India-Sri Lanka accord is one of the century's most important agreements. I do not have words to explain the attack on Prime Minister Gandhi by a Sri Lan-

kan sailor. But the assault was all the more heinous since Gandhi was in Sri Lanka on a peacekeeping mission.

Rajesh Rathi  
Bombay

### Righting History

I am concerned about two historical misconceptions in your cover story on a changing South Africa [WORLD, May 4]. Both are myths that originated within a settler philosophy and are still upheld by the Christian National Education system of this country. The "few brown-skinned nomads" you refer to, whom Jan van Riebeck encountered at the Cape of Good Hope in 1652, were a society of tens of thousands of gatherers, hunters and pastoralists inhabiting large areas of the Cape and Namibia. Later, in the 1830s, the people you call "fierce Bantu tribesmen" were not moving southward in search of new lands when they clashed with European settlers. Archaeological evidence demonstrates that the first farming communities in the Transvaal date from the 3rd century A.D. Natal and the eastern Cape, which were the scenes of many settler battles, were inhabited by black African farmers some 1,000 years before the arrival of the first Europeans.

John Parkington  
Department of Archaeology  
University of Cape Town  
Rondebosch, South Africa

### Return of 007

I have enjoyed the Bond series for many years and was very pleased with the new film *The Living Daylights* [CINEMA, Aug. 10]. In an age of Rambo, commandos and other characters who disappear like the wind, it is a pleasure to see James Bond endure and grow—especially with the new Bond hero, so ably portrayed by Timothy Dalton.

Henry J. Schumacher  
Ramsey, N.J.

I disagree with your assertion that Dalton fills the shoes of former 007s Sean Connery and Roger Moore. Dalton smiles only with his lips and keeps his head down, making himself appear short and wimpy. Even worse, he takes the role much too seriously.

Phyllis Humphrey  
Foster City, Calif.

### Blacks at the Times

Your figures on black newsroom employees at the New York *Times* [PRESS, July 27] were inaccurate. Of the 719 professionals we employ in the newsroom, 58 men and women—or 8.06%—are black, double that implied in your article.

Leonard R. Harris, Director  
Corporate Relations and Public Affairs  
New York Times  
New York City

A color photograph of Geoff Kimball, a middle-aged man with short brown hair, wearing a yellow jacket over a green ribbed sweater and dark trousers. He is walking on a sandy beach towards the right, accompanied by a large, reddish-brown dog. In the background, the ocean waves are visible under a clear sky.

## After two heart attacks, Geoff Kimball took steps to save his life.

After two heart attacks and by-pass surgery, Geoff Kimball knew his life had to change direction.

What got him back on track?

His doctor.

Geoff attributes his healthy life to doing exactly what his doctor prescribes. His medical regimen includes a balanced diet, regular exercise, stress control, and taking an aspirin every day.

Geoff follows his doctor's advice. Every step of the way.

If you've had a heart attack or suffer from unstable angina, discuss a rehabilitation and treatment program with your doctor. Only your doctor can prescribe exactly what's right for you.

A message from the makers of

**BUFFERIN®**

In 1977, under the supervision of his doctor, Geoff Kimball began taking the Bufferin brand of buffered aspirin, and nine years later he became a paid spokesperson for the Bufferin brand.

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## Letters

### Cause of Death

In your story about the hunt for the Green River Killer in Washington [LAW, July 27], you refer to Victim Carrie Rois as a "streetwalker." At 15, Carrie was still a child. Long before her killer found her, Carrie was a victim of child abuse, but unfortunately her situation was not adequately addressed by the social service system that was supposed to protect her. Were the Green River victims prostitutes? Yes, many were. But we should not blame them for their deaths. Instead, we should point the finger at society and our government social service agencies that do not protect troubled girls who turn to the street when all else has failed them.

Linda L. Barker  
Director of Program Services  
Sunny von Bulow-National Victim  
Advocacy Center  
Fort Worth

### Dubious Title

In your article about herpes victims suing their partners for infecting them [SEXES, June 8] I am quoted as saying I, an attorney, jokingly call myself the "herpes king." I did not refer to myself in that manner. Unfortunately, the impression given is that I take these matters, with all their emotional trauma, lightly. The comment was, in fact, made by my mother after she read about the first of my cases that made national ripples. She said, "You couldn't tell me? I had to read it in the papers? My son the herpes king?"

Stewart R. Perry  
Wayzata, Minn.

### Artful Controversy

Robert Hughes' comments on new public museums made from private collections were right on target [ART, Aug. 10]. I hope he will continue his attack on the tasteless wealthy who attempt to legitimize their collections by building museums of their own.

J. Quinn Brisben  
Chicago

In referring to the National Museum of Women in the Arts, Hughes says: "It is fatuous to talk as though women in 1987 formed an oppressed aesthetic class." Yet there is still low female representation in museums. At the opening show of the 20th century wing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, only 15 women were exhibited among 144 artists. Female artists make a yearly average of only \$5,700 from their work, while men average \$13,000.

Xenia Fortin  
Fort Lauderdale

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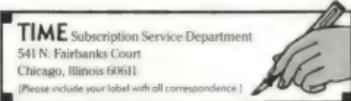
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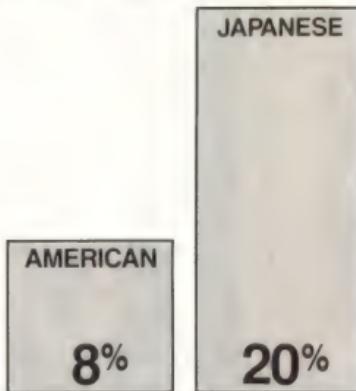


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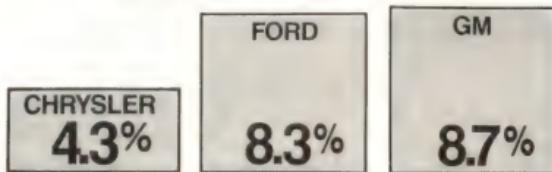
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.



# Good News: **American car prices up less than the Japanese.\***



# Better News: **Chrysler prices up least of all.**



\*Based on an average of the published sticker price increases from October 1985 through June 1987.

# Best News:

## Of all these prices, Chrysler's are lowest by far.

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Mazda 626 4-dr. Deluxe	\$ 10149
Mercury Topaz GS 4-dr.	\$ 8814
Chevy Celebrity 4-dr. sedan	\$ 10265

Plymouth Sundance 4-dr.	\$ 7799
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Honda Accord DX 4-dr.	\$ 10795
Nissan Stanza E 4-dr. Notchback	\$ 10949
Mazda 626 4-dr. Deluxe	\$ 10149
Ford Tempo GL 4-dr.	\$ 8310
Buick Skyhawk 4-dr.	\$ 8559

Plymouth Horizon America	\$ 5799
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Toyota Corolla Sedan Deluxe	\$ 8478
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Ford Escort Pony	\$ 6586
Chevy Nova Notchback	\$ 8258

Dodge Daytona	\$ 9799
Toyota Celica GT Liftback	\$ 12888
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TIME / AUGUST 31, 1987

# The Secret Army

*Ambitious goals, exotic names—but disappointing results*

**A**lmost since the guns of World War II fell silent, the U.S. Army has focused most of its efforts on finding ways to counter the Soviet Union on the potential battlefields of Europe. Increasingly, however, America's real military challenges have been of a less conventional sort. A string of hostage crises in Iran and Lebanon, instability throughout the Persian Gulf, guerrilla wars that threatened El Salvador and other Third World allies, and the emergence of Soviet-aligned regimes in places like Nicaragua and Grenada have hammered home the need for ways to handle some very different military tasks: snatching hostages from the grip of terrorists, perhaps, or helping U.S.-aligned governments fight Communist-led guerrillas.

The Iran-contra debacle clearly showed the dangers of relying on semi-private operators to handle such tricky covert missions. The CIA's legal authority and practical capacity to operate in the gray area between intelligence activity and paramilitary action have come under grave question. The business of conducting covert wars in an open and democratic society has never come easily to the Pentagon either. America's armed forces traditionally resemble a sheriff prepared for a shootout on Main Street at high noon but not for a back-alley brawl.

In fact, though, the U.S. military has very secretly been developing an unconventional capability for eight years. In the wake of the disastrous 1980 hostage rescue attempt in Iran, the Pentagon established the closest thing the nation has ever had to a secret army. These clandestine operations and intelligence units are still around. But their history has largely been a sorry tale of bureaucratic bungling and infighting. Says one special operations officer: "The units still exist, but their morale and our ability to use them are in shambles."

From interviews with military, intelligence, Administration and congressional officials, TIME has pieced together how the secret army was organized, some of

the operations it conducted and the troubles it encountered. Its small, specially trained units are designed to operate far more covertly than older elite paramilitary units, such as the Army's Rangers and the Navy's Seals. They have been given exotic code names, such as Yellow Fruit, Task Force 160 and Seaspray. New types of equipment have been developed for them, including small, high-tech helicopters and one-man satellite-communications radios and dishes. In addition, a far-ranging intelligence organization known as Intelligence Support Activity (ISA) gave the Army for the first time the ability to conduct full-fledged espionage using field agents. And all was done in such deep secrecy that to this day the very existence of some of the special units has never been officially admitted.

But the new units were hampered from the start by bureaucratic feuding between supporters of the secret units and military traditionalists, and between the intelligence and operations sections within this secret army. Operating under loose guidelines, the secret units also proved difficult to control. One got involved in an unauthorized operation planned for Laos. Another became the target of investigations for alleged misuse of funds and other improprieties; three officers eventually went to prison. The Pentagon is now trying to reorganize all special operations units under the newly formed Special Operations Command, and has imposed stricter operational and financial controls on them.

The Army did avoid one of the worst blunders of the Iran-contra affair. Though



Illustration For TIME By Eugene Mihalesco

some of its clandestine activities were initially kept from legislators, to their displeasure, most were properly described to congressional oversight committees. Paradoxically, the Army escaped the intense spotlight that the many *Iran-contra* investigations have cast on covert operations in general.

But sources have outlined to TIME a wide range of activities that give a picture of the secret army in action. Among their revelations:

- After the Desert One debacle in 1980, the Pentagon planned in considerable detail a second operation, code-named Honey Badger, to rescue the Americans held in the Tehran embassy; it was never carried out because of inadequate intelligence.
- The Army supplied to the CIA cannons and helicopters that the intelligence agency used to attack the Sandinistas in Nicaragua—before the Boland amendment forbade CIA involvement in “military or paramilitary operations” there.
- Operatives from ISA and Seaspray gathered intelligence in El Salvador that greatly helped counter a leftist guerrilla insurrection.
- ISA in late 1981 or early 1982 worked out a deal, which later fell through, to obtain a top-of-the-line T-72 Soviet battle tank from Iraq, a Soviet client, in return for American self-propelled artillery weapons for the Iraqi army.
- ISA became involved in an unauthorized plan for a 1981 raid into Laos to find

Americans thought to be missing in action since the Viet Nam War. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger was so incensed that he ordered the Army’s secret intelligence unit disbanded, but it survived to collect information on terrorists in Lebanon, among other activities.

**T**he story of the secret army begins in late 1979, when the Pentagon set up a task force under the command of Army General James Vaught to plan a rescue of the hostages in Tehran. The CIA had no agents there, so the Army organized a Field Operations Group that slipped four intelligence officers into Tehran, where they gathered vital information on the situation at the embassy. Later, FOG members rented trucks in Tehran for the rescue team that was to be flown into Iran by helicopters supplied by the Navy. All for naught: the mission was scrubbed in April 1980 because of a helicopter malfunction at the landing site, and one chopper crashed into a cargo plane.

At White House direction, Vaught began planning Honey Badger, a second rescue attempt uniting aviation and intelligence in a predominantly Army operation. The Army developed special equipment: one-man satellite-communications radios, Black Hawk helicopters modified to fly longer distances, and what one source describes as “very small, very capable, very exotic” 500MD helicopters equipped with advanced navigation and

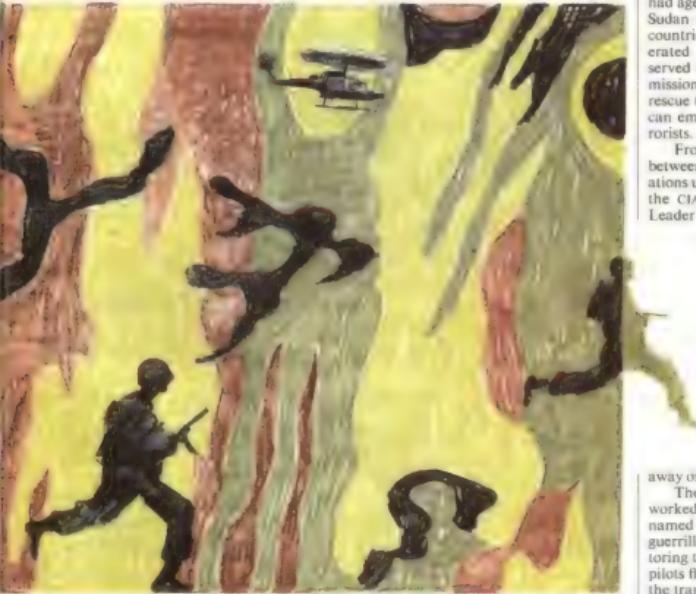
communications capabilities. But by then, the U.S. could never pin down the location of any group of hostages long enough to mount a rescue.

Nonetheless, the Army’s top command—particularly Chief of Staff General Edward Meyer and Vice Chief General John Vessey—had become committed to secret operations. When the Reagan Administration took office, the generals made the new ad hoc groups permanent. In early 1981 Colonel James Longhofer, who had worked on Honey Badger, was assigned to head an expanded office of special operations to oversee various types of unconventional missions. One of its field units was Seaspray, jointly commanded by the Army and the CIA, which took over the special helicopters developed for the Iran rescue mission. The Pentagon dutifully briefed key members of Congress, who agreed to put up \$90 million to fund the new office.

But Congress was not told that \$20 million of that sum went to set up a super-secret intelligence unit, the ISA, under the command of Colonel Jerry King. (The role of regular Army intelligence is to collect tactical military information, not to lay the ground for covert operations.) ISA initially was to act as a pathfinder for secret missions, but its functions quickly expanded. When General William Odom became assistant chief of staff for intelligence in late 1981, he argued persuasively that ISA was needed to fill gaps in the CIA’s activities. Its personnel grew from about 50 at the start to 283 in 1985. At its peak it had agents in Morocco, Nigeria, Somalia, Sudan and some ten Latin American countries. In Panama, for example, it operated a refrigeration company that served as a front for its agents. One ISA mission was to map out the routes U.S. rescue teams would take to reach American embassies likely to be seized by terrorists.

From the beginning, friction arose between King’s ISA and Longhofer’s operations units. In 1981 they cooperated with the CIA on a mission to slip Christian Leader Bashir Gemayel back into Lebanon after a secret visit to the U.S., foiling a suspected Syrian plot to kill him. Gemayel made it (though he was assassinated one year later). But while the Seaspray-ISA team was in Egypt coordinating the mission with the Israelis, a special operations officer spotted an ISA man taping their discussions, on King’s orders. “Young man,” the officer reportedly thundered, “this is a CIA mission. Either you put that [tape recorder] away or I’m going to smash it.”

The following year, ISA and Seaspray worked together on a mission, code-named Queens Hunter, to locate leftist guerrilla forces in El Salvador by monitoring their radio transmissions. Seaspray pilots flew planes from Honduras to track the transmitters electronically; ISA agents



route along to operate the airborne radio equipment. Although the operation was planned to last only a month, it picked up so much useful information on where the guerrillas were hiding that it was extended for three years.

The Seaspray operatives and ISA agents, however, proved uneasy partners. They worked together out of a house in a small Honduran town, bickering over who was to be in charge. The feuding led to a formal ISA complaint about loose Seaspray security. Seaspray agents had set up a small military satellite dish outside the Honduran house, hiding it with only a plastic garbage bag. An operations security team, Yellow Fruit, flew a large commercial satellite dish to Honduras so that the Queens Hunter team could more convincingly play the part of rich Yanqui tourists.

Longhofer's operations units racked up some other successes. In 1983, one branch set up a helicopter surveillance project in Korea to monitor North Korean agents crossing the demilitarized zone at night. The same year, they supplied Bushmaster rapid-firing cannons to the CIA, which mounted them on speedboats and used them to blow up a Nicaraguan oil refinery. Also Seaspray transferred some of its special helicopters to the CIA; several Seaspray pilots left the Army and were hired by the CIA as civilian employees. They then flew the choppers in direct attacks on the Sandinistas.

Nonetheless, the conventional military never felt comfortable with either King's or Longhofer's units. Seaspray and ISA were deliberately excluded from the 1983 invasion of Grenada by a Navy commander who claimed that he was not familiar with what they were or what they could do. Defenders of the secret groups retort that he refused a proffered briefing on those subjects.

Both ISA and the special operations group quickly got into trouble over questions of accountability. ISA, indeed, had to fight for its bureaucratic life almost from the moment of its creation. In mid-1981, James ("Bo") Gritz, a retired Green Beret colonel, planned to lead a small group of Americans on a foray into Laos to search for MIAs. Despite warnings, Jerry King insisted on helping him; ISA supplied Gritz with two cameras, plane tickets, parts for a lie detector and, Gritz claimed, \$40,000

in cash. The preparations for Gritz's raid are said to have crossed wires with an ultrasecret plan by the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff to send American military forces into Laos to hunt for MIAs.

Congressional investigators looking into the Gritz fiasco were furious that they had not been told about ISA's existence. The Pentagon conducted its own investigation, which apparently convinced Secretary Weinberger that ISA was already spinning out of control. In early 1982, only a year after ISA's formation, Weinberger ordered the unit disbanded.



General William Odom



Special Operations Boss Longhofer



Headquarters of the Intelligence Support Activity near Fort Belvoir, Va.  
The agency saved its bureaucratic life, but with clipped wings.

ISA continued to operate, however, while Army commanders and Weinberger's office engaged in protracted negotiations about its future. In mid-1983 the National Security Council approved a so-called charter that kept ISA around, but under strict control. The agents are currently said to be forbidden to travel outside the Washington area without specific permission from the Secretary of the Army.

The special operations division, meanwhile, was getting into even deeper trouble. The source was Yellow Fruit, which had been assigned to keep watch over the other special operations units to make sure they preserved secrecy. In 1983 two of the unit's officers complained that their commander, Lieut. Colonel Dale

Duncan, was trying to cover nearly \$90,000 in missing funds with phony receipts. Colonel Robert Kvederas, the new commander of special operations, asked Longhofer, who had become military liaison with the CIA, to investigate. Longhofer initially concluded that Duncan's accusers could not prove their charges. But Jerry King of ISA sent the accusers to higher-ups. He later boasted to associates that he had "blown the whistle" on his old rivals.

A spate of investigations and prosecutions ensued; some are still not finished.

Last year an Army court convicted Duncan of financial improprieties and security violations; he is now serving a seven-year sentence in the military prison in Fort Leavenworth, Kans. Longhofer was court-martialed on charges of disobeying an order not to involve himself with his old special operations group and of not conducting a thorough investigation of Duncan. A dozen other officers were investigated for alleged irregularities. Several resigned; although the Army found no basis for prosecuting them, they feared that their careers were effectively ended.

The secret Army still exists, but it seems quiescent for the moment. Most of Seaspray's aircraft have been parceled out to other units. The ISA is also still around; last year it had an agent under deep cover in Beirut, according to an Oliver North computer message inadvertently printed in the February Tower commission report.

Yet the troubles these units have experienced raise questions about whether the Pentagon ever can—or should—develop covert operations and intelligence capacity to handle paramilitary missions that are beyond the scope of the civilians in the CIA. In some form there may be a legitimate need for secret, specially trained units to operate in behalf of approved U.S. foreign policy goals.

Looking back on the secret operations he helped to begin, General Meyer, who retired as Army Chief of Staff in 1983, muses, "I think the lesson is that whatever kind of operation we conduct needs to have oversight. And somehow there has to be an accommodation between the oversight side and the operations side. Because these are the wars of today and tomorrow." No military mistake, of course, is as classically disastrous as planning to refight the last war.

—By George J. Church

Reported by Jay Peterzell/Washington



Moments before the jet slammed into the highway embankment, a computer-generated voice repeated the words "stall... stall!"

## Sifting Through the Wreckage

*Investigators are still stymied by the crash of Flight 255*

**C**arcasses of smoking metal, charred suitcases, melted serving carts and bodies draped with bright yellow tarpaulins dotted the deserted highway. For the investigators from the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB), this nightmare landscape was not only a grisly tableau of tragedy but also a field of evidence offering myriad clues. Their task, which began last week and may not end for months, was to solve the mystery of Northwest Airlines Flight 255. Why had the plane, a McDonnell Douglas MD-80 bound for Phoenix from Detroit's Metropolitan Airport, plunged to earth only seconds after takeoff, killing 154 passengers and crew members on the plane, sparing only four-year-old Cecilia Cichan?

Throughout the summer, anxiety about an air disaster climbed along with

the temperature. The skies were judged to be particularly crowded: reports multiplied of near collisions, of overworked air-traffic controllers, of indifferent maintenance. Yet the crash of Flight 255 ended a remarkable two-year stretch without a single fatal accident involving a major domestic carrier. Moreover, 255's demise may have had less to do with unfriendly skies than with the eternal variable of human fallibility. Preliminary reports suggested that the pilot may have failed to take a routine, essential step: extend the wing flaps and slats that provide the jet with extra lift for takeoff.

At 8:45 p.m. on Sunday, Aug. 16, the radio tower at Metropolitan Airport cleared Flight 255 for departure. Captain John R. Maus, 57, a veteran pilot with 20,000 hours of flight experience, 2,000 of

them in MD-80s, taxied the plane onto runway 3-Center North. The plane, loaded with a full 39,128 lbs. of jet fuel and 6,000 lbs. of baggage, hurtled farther than normal down the runway and rose less than 50 feet before plunging. In the cockpit, a computer-generated voice repeated the words "stall... stall," indicating that the airflow over the wings was no longer sufficient to lift the plane: the jet was falling, not flying. Traveling at about 215 m.p.h., the plane knocked a jagged piece off the roof of a rental-car building and then ricocheted off the embankment of an access road to Interstate 94. Flight 255 disintegrated into chunks of fiery metal, smashing three cars and killing at least three more people, the car's drivers.

Within four hours, a group of 13 NTSB investigators—known as a "go team"—left for Detroit from Washington. The NTSB, an independent federal agency, is responsible for investigating all U.S. civil aviation accidents and making recommendations for transportation safety. By

## Miracle Girl

**T**hey found her strapped in her seat, moaning. Rescuers who plucked her from the gnarled debris first assumed that Cecilia Cichan, 4, of Tempe, Ariz., had been a passenger in a car hit by the falling plane. Said Sergeant Bruce Schneider of the Wayne County sheriff's department: "It's beyond comprehension how someone could survive something like this. It's a miracle. She had to be in the perfect spot."

Rescuers believe that Cecilia's mother Paula, 33, a registered nurse, may have saved her daughter's life by wrapping herself around the seat to protect her child from the flames. The mother died in the crash along with Cecilia's father Michael, 32, and six-year-old brother David. Cecilia suffered a concussion, a broken leg and collarbone, and third-degree burns on her arms and hands, but is expected to recover.



## Nation

dawn the team members were sifting through the wreckage, a painstaking, hands-on activity they call "kicking tin." The investigators, who include electrical engineers, pilots, and engine and airframe mechanics, then formed "working groups." These groups pore over possible factors in the crash: the jet's engines and systems, the quality of air-traffic control, the weather, and the emotional and medical states of the people involved.

A swirl of speculation quickly surrounded the crash. The day afterward, some witnesses reported having seen flames trailing from one of the plane's two engines. That possibility was discounted when the NTSB announced that the engines revealed no evidence of fire or early disintegration. Wind shear was also deemed a possible culprit. Abrupt wind shifts were responsible for the last major crash of a U.S. carrier, a Delta Air Lines Lockheed L-1011 jet in Dallas on Aug. 2, 1985. In Detroit, Flight 255 had been rerouted to another runway to avoid a gust of wind from a distant thunderstorm. Still another hypothesis concerned the baggage loading; investigators examined the possibility that too much cargo may have been placed toward the rear of the aircraft, tipping the center of gravity aft and causing the plane to go out of control.

But attention soon shifted to the wing flaps. The clue came from the plane's sophisticated flight-data recorder, the so-called black box (it is actually bright orange, for easy spotting) that monitors



Searching for the cause in the consequences

everything from airspeed to brake temperatures. It showed no indication that the pilot had extended the flaps. Nor did conversation between the pilots in the cockpit include a mention of the flaps during the preflight verbal checklist.

Such an oversight is almost unthinkable: a takeoff without extending the flaps, said Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) Spokesman John Leyden, is like

driving off in a car without closing the door—and far more dangerous. Yet such a lapse, notes University of Michigan Aeroautic Engineer C. William Kauffman, "would explain some of the things that were observed—the aircraft using a lot of runway, not climbing very high, stalling."

But blaming the flaps may be premature. The plane's computerized warning system never alerted the crew that the flaps were not extended. At week's end a co-pilot of a nearby Northwest jet who said he observed Flight 255's ill-fated takeoff insisted that the slats and flaps on the plane were in the correct position.

Any finding at this early stage can only be tentative. The real work of the NTSB investigators is not on-site but in the lab. Investigators hope a study of the wings and of the actuators, hydraulic pistons on the wings, will conclusively show where the flaps were.

The ultimate determination of a "probable cause" is made by the full NTSB after a public meeting that may not be held for nine to twelve months. Whatever the cause of the Detroit disaster, the doubts and conflicting reports are unnerving for airline passengers and officials alike. Notes newly appointed FAA Administrator T. Allan McArtor: "You work so hard to build into your system safety margins, procedures, mechanisms to deal with the human frailty. When these break down, it just stuns you."

—By Richard Stengel  
Reported by Jerry Hannifin/Washington and B. Russell Leavitt/Detroit

## Walking Papers

### The FBI nabs a historian

**S**herman Suchow has undergone quite a transformation. Born in Brooklyn 59 years ago, he now calls himself Charles Merrill Mount. Once an English accent, carries a walking stick and sports classic three-piece suits. An art historian and portrait painter. Mount stands accused of pursuing a third career as well: pilferer of rare historical documents. Last week the FBI arrested him for possessing a 1904 letter signed by Novelist Henry James that had been missing from the Library of Congress. Five days earlier Mount had been charged with stealing letters written by Abraham Lincoln and Winston Churchill. Said Special FBI Agent W. Douglas Gow: "This isn't just one or two documents. It's a piece of history."

Mount came under suspicion last month after Goodspeed's, a Boston bookstore, paid him \$20,000 for 27 documents, including nine letters from Portraitist James McNeill Whistler and one from James. In early August Mount approached the bookstore again with an offer to sell a collection of rare Civil War manuscripts featuring three Lincoln letters. Suspicious store officials alerted the FBI, which arrested Mount when he returned to the book-

store with the Lincoln letters on Aug. 13. A subsequent search of his safe-deposit box in Washington turned up a cache of some 200 papers from the Civil War era, many believed to have been stolen from the National Archives.

Despite his elegant appearance,



Dual identity: Mount's self-portrait as a young man and an FBI photo

Mount admits he has fallen on "hard times" and is living in a Washington rooming house. He has published biographies of John Singer Sargent and other artists, and thus spent considerable time at the Library of Congress and National Archives. Though security is tight at both places, pilfering can go unnoticed. "We are caught between the need to give researchers access to documents and security," explains Manuscript Librarian David Wigdor. "It doesn't do any good to have all this material unless people can use it."

Mount maintains his innocence: "The letters were mine and have been in my possession for 25 years," he told TIME. In fact, the Library of Congress has yet to determine the number of missing letters. If convicted of the charges against him, Mount could face up to ten years in prison. Before releasing him on

\$50,000 bail last week in Washington, U.S. Magistrate Jean Dwyer ordered the art historian to stay out of the National Archives, the Library of Congress and the National Gallery. "I have nothing else to do," Mount complained somewhat pathetically. Shot back Dwyer: "Try the zoo. Don't push your luck, Mr. Mount." —By David Seidman  
Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington

## The Songs of the South

*As both parties whistle Dixie, Democrats wait for Sam to decide*

  
In the summer of 1957, Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus called out the National Guard to block the integration of Little Rock's Central High School, and overnight the city became a symbol of the South's estrangement from the rest of the nation. Last week, 30 years later almost to the day, Little Rock evoked a radically different image: as a symbol of the kingmaker role that the South hopes to play in the selection of the next President. Eight candidates (six Democrats and two Republicans) traveled to the Arkansas capital to address the Southern Legislative Conference, a convocation of 1,600 legislators from 15 states. This was merely the opening rehearsal for the real show: Megatuesday, coming next March 8, when voters in 14 states below the Mason-Dixon Line will select roughly one-quarter of the delegates to the Democratic and Republican conventions.

None of the candidates in Little Rock could rightfully claim to have captured the mind of the South. Jesse Jackson, with his characteristic charismatic cadences,

February that he would make no move to organize a campaign for six months, until after the summer congressional recess and the conclusion of his service on the Iran-contra panel. "Nunn believed that by now the parade would have passed him by," said one of his closest political advisers. "But when he looked back up, it hadn't."

Nunn was keeping his own counsel about his willingness to march, even as



On the mind of the South: Sam Nunn, who was not in Little Rock, Ark., last week, and Dole, Gore, Dukakis and Gephardt, who were

triggered the most enthusiastic response. Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee, the only Southerner in the race, won a meaningless straw poll. Missouri Congressman Richard Gephardt was rewarded with a standing ovation, and Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis provoked the most curiosity. But it was Republican Senator Robert Dole of Kansas who got off the most telling line. Referring to the never-ending quest of Southern Democrats to find the ideal moderate candidate, Dole observed, "The perfect candidate never runs. And when he does, there's always somebody to take issue with you if you step in the arena."

At that very moment, the perfect candidate for many Southern Democrats was traveling with his wife and 20-year-old daughter in Europe. In mid-August, Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia left Washington with his brown leather briefcase filled with memos and briefing papers discussing a putative presidential candidacy. Thoughtful and highly respected in the Senate for his mastery of defense issues, Nunn had announced in

many legislators in Little Rock were ready to play *Strike Up the Band*. Some placed in their name-tag holders small preprinted cards that read SAM NUNN, WHERE ARE YOU? The cards were the handiwork of Alabama State Representative Claude Walker, a Nunn supporter, who claimed, "If he were here, he'd be recognized as the front runner." Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton, who flirted with his own presidential candidacy, said, "Sam Nunn would be a bona fide candidate. He would make a difference."

The Nunn difference is as much ideological as it is a manifestation of Southern boosterism. With his right-of-center views on foreign policy and military spending, Nunn would provide a counterweight to the seven current Democratic candidates, who are united in their opposition to *contra* aid and Ronald Reagan's Star Wars program. He has also taken a more moderate stance on many social issues, thus appealing to disaffected Democrats worried about their party's long love affair with various special-interest groups. Without Nunn in the race, the prevailing

sentiment among centrist Democrats in the South (and perhaps elsewhere) may be "None of the Above."

That is precisely the dilemma that the Democratic creators of the Southern Regional Primary hoped to avoid. But it is possible that no electoral mechanism can offset the dominance that a disproportionately liberal electorate has in the early tests in Iowa and New Hampshire. Nunn, for example, would have to defend not only his foreign policy views but also a conservative domestic voting record that includes support for Reaganomics, the nomination of William Rehnquist as Chief Justice and a constitutional amendment that would overturn the Supreme Court abortion decision. Nunn flunks almost every liberal Democratic litmus test. In 1986 he scored lower than 15 Republican and 43 Democratic Senators on the Americans for Democratic Action scorecard.

If he runs, Nunn's strategy is likely to be South Toward Home. He would probably downplay Iowa and hope to survive New Hampshire in the middle of the pack. "Nunn understands that he can't run as the 'conservative' in the race," says a Democratic strategist who has helped develop a possible campaign plan. "He would have to run as the tribune of the rank-and-file Democrats, the people who

are locked out by the special interests and the activist establishment." Vital to a Nunn candidacy would be his likely support by the black leadership of Atlanta, especially John Lewis, a Congressman and civil rights hero who has urged him to run. Nunn backers believe that if the Georgia Senator captures most of the non-Jackson black vote in the South, that would go a long way toward neutralizing liberal critics.

When he returns to Washington this week, Nunn will have had two weeks in Europe to weigh the appeal of a race for the White House against his qualms about disrupting his family and short-changing his Senate duties. He will not have long to signal his intentions: beyond the end of September, a late-from-the-gate candidacy could be almost impossible. Now Nunn must decide whether he wants to remain as the perfect non-candidate or become another presidential contender who will inevitably lose some of his luster in the rough-and-tumble of a difficult campaign.

—By Walter Shapiro.  
*Reported by Joseph J. Kane/Atlanta*



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## Nation



At the state penitentiary in Cañon City, prisoners prepare to saddle break a mustang

### These Cowboys Are Convicts

In Colorado, inmates learn to tame horses—and themselves

Under a big sky on the Colorado plains, Rory Robinson, doing five years for burglary, is uneasily making the acquaintance of a gray mare that once ran wild and free. Robinson and the mustang have much in common: both have been corralled in the Colorado State Prison to be tamed.

Tense beneath her first saddle and confined to a narrow chute, the mustang lays back her ears indignantly. Robinson, 28, tall and powerfully built, eases atop the animal, and she erupts in furious leaps. Fellow convicts pull Robinson to safety. Released into the corral, the mare kicks like a *ninja* assassin as cowboys in green prison garb shout and wave their Stetsons to keep her from banging into the fence. Robinson climbs on again and seconds later is bucked into the dust. Yet even a wild horse eventually tires. Another man mounts up, the mare crow-hops a bit, stiff-legged and snorting. But her fight is gone.

When Prison Superintendent Harry B. Johnson first heard of the proposal that convicts tame wild mustangs under the Federal Bureau of Land Management's nationwide "adopt a horse" program, he feared the only results would be "injuries and lawsuits." Now Johnson tells of hard-case cons transformed into amiable cowboys. "They are proud of the horses and proud of what they can do," says he of the 30 men in the program.

Wild-horse enthusiasts are equally delighted. In 1985 the BLM rounded up 17,000 of the estimated 50,000 mustangs that have overgrazed public rangeland, mainly in Nevada and Wyoming. The bureau offered the horses for "adoption" at \$125 a head, but buyers found the animals unmanageable.



SCHOOL OF HARD NOCKS

Last year BLM Range Conservationist Walter Jakubowski persuaded authorities at the Colorado State Prison complex in Cañon City to let convicts break the horses. Most of the inmates are city bred, and none have had equine experience. In one year the convict-cowboy program has tamed more than 400 mustangs. Another 350 horses are corralled at the prison to be trained at the rate of about ten a day. Most are broken, rather than readied for saddlework.

To become a cowboy, a prisoner must be near the end of his term: the horse corrals are outside the prison security system, and an inmate inclined to flee need only cross an alfalfa field and a low barbed-wire fence. No one has done so yet. Corral Boss Tony Bainbridge observes, "The meanest ones seem to make the best hands. You come out here and think you're a tough guy—we'll find out." He says, "A 900-lb. horse can move you around more than you expect."

Some men say they hope to use their new skills to get jobs as veterinarians' assistants or as hot-walkers and groomers at racetracks when they get out of prison. Veterinarian Ron Zaidlicz, founder of the National Organization for Wild American Horses, teaches the inmates how to groom and care for the horses. In 1985 Zaidlicz and other NOWAH members rode mustangs from Colorado to Washington to lobby for better protection of the wild horses. "I was asked why I cared about horses when people were homeless and in so much trouble," Zaidlicz gestured toward a knot of inmates intently working with a mustang. "In a way, this answers that."

—By James Willwerth/Citizen City

### Hart Murmurs

*Is there life after Bimini?*

It was not Napoleon returning from Elba, or even Nixon guardedly emerging from San Clemente. But less than four months after he truculently bowed out of the presidential race, Gary Hart was said to be poised to re-enter the fray. Was this real or just more monkey business? The answer seemed to depend on which former campaign aide one was inclined to believe. As for Hart, he was vacationing in Ireland with his son, dodging reporters one moment and coyly suggesting to Irish radio that he would not "confirm or deny" the rumors.

Here are the facts, such as they are. In early August a Gallup poll commissioned by the *Nation* magazine showed Hart still outdistancing the Democratic field, with 25% support, no doubt as much a reflection of name recognition as potential ballot strength. That prompted Warren Beatty, adviser and Hollywood home companion to the former Colorado Senator, to phone Hart in Ireland to urge him to resume campaigning. Then, Hart's former campaign manager William Dixon began hinting about a comeback. He went public in a radio interview, forecasting Hart was "likely to get back in the presidential race in the next 30 to 60 days."

The reaction from most other veterans of the Hart high command was shrill. Paul Tully, former political director, called it a "bizarre scenario." Others used phrases like "nutty" and a "terrible, terrible idea." Bill Shore, a longtime loyalist, quickly phoned the former candidate in Ireland and later said he was told to disperse the speculation. "This has become the political equivalent of the Paul-is-dead craze 15 years ago," Shore remarked. "People were playing Beatles' tapes backwards, and now people are reading polls backwards." But Dixon defiantly stuck to his forecast, or his trial balloon: "He's considering doing it? Yes. Is he going to do it? Probably."

Cynics suggest that Hart might re-enter merely to qualify for \$900,000 in matching funds to pay his leftover campaign debts. Realists argue that no one besmirched by scandal could run without money or organization. And romantics, a strange breed that may include Hart, wonder if he might not yet again defy the verities of the old politics, run a lean campaign and wander the country preaching his issues—whether or not it makes political sense. Amid the speculation, Dixon pointed out the one clear truth: "People who try to guess what Gary is thinking do so at their own peril." ■



Still an enigma



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## American Notes



The Atlantic: a dead dolphin



Crime: the "Weasel," right, and Frank Sinatra in 1976



Iowa: Van Veldhuizen with Old Mama

### ESPIONAGE

## The Marine Verdict: Guilty

The judgment was swift. After nearly four hours of deliberation, an eight-man military jury found Marine Sergeant Clayton Lonetree guilty on 13 counts of espionage and related charges. Lonetree, 25, who was accused of disclosing to the Soviets the identities of U.S. intelligence agents while serving as a guard at the U.S. embassies in Moscow and Vienna, now faces possible life imprisonment. His attorneys said they would appeal the conviction.

The defense insisted throughout the month-long trial that Lonetree had provided nothing of value to the Soviets, and disputed the validity of the two sworn confessions he had given investigators last December. Defense Lawyer William Kunkler argued that the Marine guard was guilty of nothing more than failing in love with a Soviet translator at the embassy. Lonetree, said Kunkler, had given the KGB useless documents in a fumbled attempt to be a free-lance double agent. Retorted Prosecuting Attorney Major David Beck: "To become a double agent, you must first become a spy."

Lonetree's conviction was the first in the shrinking Marine spy scandal; despite earlier claims, the military never produced evidence that Lonetree or other Marine guards allowed KGB agents inside the Moscow

embassy. The Navy had earlier dropped similar accusations of espionage against Lonetree's fellow guard, Corporal Arnold Bracy. Two other Marines await courts-martial on lesser charges.

### DALLAS

## Acknowledging The Past

For many in Dallas, the Texas School Book Depository has been a monument to the most shameful day in the city's history. For years tourists have trekked to the red-brick building where Lee Harvey Oswald fired the shots that killed President John F. Kennedy. But the structure was closed to the public until 1981, when it was declared a Texas historic site, and visitors still are not allowed near Oswald's sixth-floor sniper perch.

Now Dallas has decided to acknowledge the continuing interest in the site. The city's landmark commission gave approval for a 60-ft. elevator tower that will run to the building's sixth floor, where a historical exhibit will detail the President's murder. The \$3 million project is scheduled to open by the fall of 1988, the 25th anniversary of the assassination. "Dallas has come to terms with worldwide curiosity," declared Dallas County Chief Executive Lee Jackson. "We'll present the building to the world and let people draw their own conclusions."

### CRIME

## "I'm a Dead Man"

Once the Mafia's top West Coast enforcer, Aladena ("Jimmy the Weasel") Fratianno became one of the Government's most valuable informers in 1977. Since then, he has testified at numerous trials and written two books on the Mob. The Justice Department placed him under the Witness Protection Program, and has spent \$1 million protecting Fratianno and moving him to a secret location with a new identity.

Last week, however, the department decided that Fratianno had outlived his usefulness. The former mobster lost his government subsidy, and will have to live on book royalties and Social Security. For the Weasel, that is cold comfort. "I put 30 guys away—six of them bosses," he told a reporter. "I'm a dead man."

### THE ATLANTIC

## Killer in The Waves

Alarmed beachgoers from New Jersey to North Carolina have seen more than 200 horribly disfigured bottle-nose dolphins wash ashore this summer with their flesh rotted and their livers damaged. Marine biologists suspect that an additional 200 dolphins have died at sea and

that the entire coastal population is endangered. Last week scientists took a step toward identifying the mysterious killing disease: infection from common, usually harmless bacteria known as vibrios.

Investigators have yet to determine just what has weakened the dolphins' resistance to the bacteria. Some speculate that offshore garbage and sewage spills have been the breeding ground for an agent that weakens their immune system.

### IOWA

## A Reprieve For Old Mama

When Iowa Farmer Arlo Van Veldhuizen sold his dairy herd to the Government under a program to reduce the milk surplus, he had not expected the deal to include his pet cow, Old Mama, the 15-year-old herd leader, was considered part of the family. Van Veldhuizen could not bear the thought of the decrepit old bossey being auctioned for slaughter. No dice, said the Department of Agriculture, which was afraid that other farmers in the buy-back program would also ask for exemptions. But after press reports called attention to Old Mama's plight, the department relented. To assure the USDA that the old, graying cow ain't what she used to be, however, Van Veldhuizen will have her sterilized.

# World



The man in the center: after his breathless flight from Shi'ite captors, Journalist Charles Glass is mobbed by newsmen in Damascus

LIMA KARA - SYG

LEBANON

# Escape from Beirut

*Where Iran and Syria duel, an American hostage goes free*

Two hours before dawn one morning last week, a lanky, bearded young man in a rumpled blue jogging outfit dashed into Beirut's luxurious Summerland Hotel, overlooking the Lebanese coast. "I'm Charles Glass. I need a place to hide!" he fairly shouted to a receptionist. A U.S. television journalist who knows the Middle East well, Glass had been seized by Muslim Shi'ite terrorists 62 days earlier in one of Beirut's southern suburbs. Having somehow escaped, he had fled to the right place: the hotel is a heavily guarded sanctuary of Lebanon's Druze community, which is closely aligned with the Syrian government of President Hafez Assad.

The receptionist promptly telephoned the Syrian army, which has 7,500 troops on duty in West Beirut, and within an hour Glass was on his way to freedom. What remained unanswered was whether Glass had slipped away from his captors unaided, as he contended, or had been allowed to escape. In either case, Glass had become a pawn in the growing power

struggle in Lebanon between Syria, which for its own purposes is trying to restore order and ensure a secular, religiously diverse Lebanon, and Iran, whose fanatical revolutionary rulers are attempting to transform the country into a vessel of the Islamic revolution. Arabic Syria and non-Arabic Iran are allies on many matters, including the gulf war, but they are fiercely at odds over Lebanon's destiny.

As Glass recounted the story later, the first challenge was to shed his chains. Glass, 36, found that when he made a fist, he could wriggle out of the wrist binding, but the leg chain was trickier. With pieces of thread shredded from his blindfold, Glass bound links of the chain together, and over a period of days fooled his guards into loosening the tether. On the first night that he could pull free, Glass waited until he could hear the snores of his guards. Loosening the chains, he slipped onto the balcony of the high-rise building where he was being held, then back into the apartment through another door, past the guards' bedroom and out the front door,

which he locked behind him with a key he had found on the inside of the door.

It was 2:30 a.m. Out on the street, in a Shi'ite district of southern Beirut, Glass immediately sought help. At an all-night bakery he claimed to be a Canadian of Lebanese origin who needed a doctor for his sick daughter. To have told the bakery patrons the truth, he feared, would have frightened them and perhaps even led to his capture. But a passing motorist quickly gave him a lift to the Summerland, two miles away. The Syrians then took him to Damascus, and a day later he was home in London with his wife and five children.

Glass, who is perhaps best known for his reporting of the 1985 TWA hostage drama for ABC News, was quick to admit that he had made a terrible blunder by visiting Beirut earlier this year for a book he still intends to write about the Middle East. Glass was driving with a friend, Ali Osseiran, 40, the son of Lebanon's Defense Minister, when the pair suddenly found themselves sandwiched between two cars filled with armed men. The kid-



On the job: a Syrian soldier patrols a security checkpoint in West Beirut

nappers were presumed to be members of the radical, pro-Iranian Hezbollah (Party of God), the organization linked to a series of spectacular terrorist acts. They released Ossieiran and his bodyguard-driver a week later, but kept Glass captive. Significantly, Glass's abduction was the first since Syrian troops had arrived in February in an attempt to restore order. The kidnaping was thus a personal affront to President Assad, who had vowed that the Muslim half of Beirut would henceforth be secure from such outrages.

Shortly after his abduction, Glass reported, he asked his captors for water. One of them replied, "Why water? You death. You no need water." Another taunted him, "You CIA." Later, telling him at gunpoint that if he did not cooperate he would never see his family again, they forced him to make a videotaped "confession," in which he declared that he had come to Lebanon to spy for the CIA. After his release last week, Glass said he had spoken ungrammatically in the tape, feigned a Southern accent (to indicate that he was in southern Lebanon), and crossed his fingers in the hope of indicating to viewers that he was acting under duress.

Soon after that, he began to write messages, sometimes in his own blood, promising a \$10,000 reward to anyone who would help rescue him. He wrote nine such notes, scribbling some of them on the pages of a prayer book supplied by his captors, and pushing them out through the opening in a wall fan. His kidnappers found the ninth note. They warned him that if he made such a "mistake" again,

they would kill him. Then they moved him to another location, the one at which he plotted his successful escape.

This was Glass's story. What was unclear was whether Iran had simply ordered its allies, the Lebanese Shi'ite terrorists, to allow Glass to escape, but in such a way that they would not appear to have caved in to Syrian pressure. Certainly, this was the version of events promoted by Syria, which is annoyed with Iran for challenging Damascus' prerogatives in Lebanon and which has been trying hard to repair its tattered relations with the U.S. and other Western powers.

As if to applaud Syria's efforts to free Glass, Washington announced last week that U.S. Ambassador William Eagleton would soon be returning to his post in Damascus for the first time in nine months. The U.S. had been particularly pleased that Syria had decided in June to shut down the Damascus office of Palestinian Terrorist Leader Abu Nidal. Given the degree of pressure that Syria was obviously exerting on his behalf, Glass speculated in an interview on ABC's *Nightline* that his release might have already been in the works and that "my escape may simply have jumped the gun by a few days."

Without doubt, Syrian-Iranian tension was at the heart of the case. If the Syrians had been angered by Glass's abduction, they were shocked by last month's incident in Saudi Arabia at the holy city of Mecca, where thousands of Iranian Shi'ite pilgrims staged a bloody riot against Saudi authority. This, in turn, caused other Arab leaders to urge Assad

to stop supporting Iran in the gulf war—a step that would cost him his right to buy Iranian oil at heavily discounted prices. According to Syrian diplomats, Damascus has warned Iran against widening the war to include any other Arab states.

Last week Iran's Parliament Speaker Hashemi Rafsanjani seemingly acknowledged the importance of the Syrian pressure. In an interview on NBC's *Today*, Rafsanjani suggested an exchange of foreign hostages held in Lebanon for Shi'ite Muslims imprisoned in Kuwait and Israel. Such deals have previously been turned down by Kuwait, Israel and, indeed, the U.S. But the Rafsanjani offer clearly implied a desire among some factions in Iran to improve Tehran's ties with the outside world and soothe Syrian irritation over the hostage taking in Lebanon.

**U**ntil now, the Shi'ite rulers of Iran have been successful in exporting their revolution to Lebanon. Assad welcomed Khomeini's Revolutionary Guards when they arrived in Lebanon in 1982 to help fight off the Israeli invasion. Some 2,000 stayed on after the war to assist Hezbollah in the Shi'ite strongholds in the Bekaa Valley and southern Lebanon. Assad was still delighted when Lebanon's militant Shi'ites unleashed their ferocious fighting power against the Israeli occupation forces in the south and against the U.S.-led multinational peacekeeping force in Beirut. By that time Shi'ite political power had effectively filled the vacuum created by Israel's 1982 expulsion of the Palestine Liberation Organization from Lebanon.

Almost too late, Assad realized that Iran and Hezbollah posed a threat to Syria's position in Lebanon. He also came to understand that an Islamic stronghold in Lebanon might eventually undermine Assad's own secular Baath Party government in Damascus. In 1984 Assad threw his support to Amal, the mainstream Lebanese Shi'ite organization and militia led by Nabih Berri, but Hezbollah's influence continued to spread. One reason Assad sent his army into West Beirut in February was to bring the Iranians to heel.

Whatever the circumstances of his release, Glass was recovering in London last week, convinced that his days in West Beirut were over, "at least for a generation." Said his wife Fiona: "The children are thrilled. He's even better than James Bond." But his departure still left eight Americans and 15 other foreigners held hostage in Lebanon. Among them was Terry Waite, special envoy of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who disappeared in West Beirut in January while trying to negotiate the hostages' release. Last week the Beirut magazine *Ash Shirra* reported that Waite would soon be freed for a \$5 million ransom worked out by an unidentified Lebanese leader. Until Syria and Iran can somehow resolve their differences, these other captives, like Glass until last week, will remain pawns in a wider struggle. —By William E. Smith, Reported by Scott MacLeod/Cairo, with other bureaus

## Time for Sweeping Gestures

*The hunt for mines goes on, as a Saudi arms deal is proposed*

The operation was not impressive in scope or execution, but it certainly took the prize for gall. With 30 invited foreign journalists looking on, the Iranian navy last week sent six ships and six U.S.-made helicopters into the Strait of Hormuz and the Gulf of Oman to search for, of all things, mines. Iran itself is widely assumed to have put them there. After five days the Iranians declared they had exploded four of the devices. "Our mission is to sweep the area of mines," an Iranian commander said with a straight face. "We have no idea who planted them."

Elsewhere in the gulf the U.S. Navy was belatedly engaged in a similar operation, its first serious minesweeping attempt since the U.S. stepped up its military role in the area late last spring. After a convoy of three reflagged Kuwaiti oil tankers and three U.S. warships began to make its way north through the gulf to Kuwait, it was disclosed that the vessels were protected by the amphibious assault ship USS *Guadalcanal* and its RH-53 Sea Stallion minesweeping helicopters. The choppers, the same type used last week by Iran, flew ahead of the convoy, dragging mine-detecting sonar devices through the water.

The *Guadalcanal* and its mine hunt-

ers are expected this week to provide the same service for four fully loaded U.S.-registered tankers waiting in Kuwait to make the perilous trip south. In the U.S. meanwhile, the Navy reactivated eight Korean War-era minesweepers and dispatched them to the gulf. The ships are not expected to arrive for several weeks.

Iranian officials responded to the U.S. military buildup with new warnings. Late in the week, Tehran Radio admitted that Iran was indeed sowing mines "to defend our coastline." Earlier, Hashemi Rafsanjani, the parliamentary speaker, had told an interviewer that Iran has factories "that can produce mines like seeds." Meanwhile, for the first time in the crisis the Iranian military went on the offensive. Two Iranian high-speed patrol boats fired on the Liberian-registered *Oscor Sierra*, then boarded and searched the cargo ship.

Despite that attack, Western diplomats in the region believe Iran's militant rhetoric masks a policy of caution, at least toward the U.S. For all its bluster, Iran has shown no inclination to confront U.S. forces directly. So far, that taunt-and-run strategy has paid off nicely. The U.S. presence has stopped Iraqi air attacks on Tehran's oil tankers, allowing Iran to increase its shipments out of the gulf and thereby

accumulate much-needed cash. "The Iranians would like things to stay the way they are for as long as possible," says a Western diplomat. The mines, he adds, are passive and untraceable, frustrating the U.S. escort mission while driving a wedge between Washington and the gulf Arabs by reminding them that before the U.S. intervened, the waters were relatively safe. Iranian officials are aware that strong anti-Tehran sentiment in the U.S. (*see box*) would support an American strike if Iran gave the Navy an excuse.

Iran has also continued its imprecations against Saudi Arabia in the wake of the rioting at Mecca last month that left nearly 300 Iranian pilgrims dead. The strain was worsened by news last week that a Saudi diplomat had died from injuries suffered when he fell, or was pushed, out of a window while Iranian mobs sacked the Saudi embassy in Tehran following the Mecca riot.

Mindful of such tensions, the Reagan Administration confirmed last week that it wants to sell Saudi Arabia as much as \$1 billion worth of new arms, including sophisticated F-15 jet fighters. Fearing that Saudi weapons might be used to Israel's disadvantage, Congress has rejected such sales in the past. This time, the White House is hoping the gulf crisis, along with recent disclosures of large-scale economic projects between Iran and the Soviet Union, will make the latest arms package more palatable.

—By Michael S. Serrill

Reported by David S. Jackson/Bahrain

## Gung Ho in the Gulf

*Despite concern in Congress over the U.S. military presence in the Persian Gulf, Americans appear to be in favor of that policy. In a poll taken for TIME last week by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman,\* supporters of the use of U.S. military*

*escorts for reflagged Kuwaiti oil tankers outnumbered opponents by almost 2 to 1. Some of those sentiments, however, are based on erroneous information: 85% said the escorts were important to "protect oil shipments going to the U.S." In fact, most of the petroleum products carried in the U.S.-escorted vessels are bound for Western Europe and Japan.*



Do you approve of the U.S. escorting oil tankers through the Persian Gulf?

Approve	Disapprove
<b>53%</b>	<b>28%</b>

If a U.S. warship escorting tankers hits an Iranian mine, do you think the U.S. should retaliate militarily?

Yes	No
<b>66%</b>	<b>24%</b>

U.S. action in escorting oil tankers in the gulf is likely or unlikely to lead to ...

**More terrorism on Iran's part**

**A military exchange between the U.S. and Iran**

**A full-scale war between the U.S. and Iran**

Likely

Unlikely

**59%**

**29%**

**46%**

**39%**

**27%**

**63%**

Are the following reasons for escorting oil tankers through the Persian Gulf very important or not very important?

	Important	Not important
To protect shipments going to the U.S.	<b>85%</b>	<b>12%</b>
To stand up to Iran	<b>67%</b>	<b>28%</b>
To keep the Soviets out of the area	<b>67%</b>	<b>27%</b>
To protect oil shipments going to Europe and Japan	<b>63%</b>	<b>31%</b>
To help Arab allies in the region	<b>56%</b>	<b>32%</b>
To make up for selling arms to Iran	<b>22%</b>	<b>65%</b>
To help Iraq in its war against Iran	<b>18%</b>	<b>68%</b>

\*Conducted by telephone on Aug. 17-19 among 600 adult Americans. The sampling error is plus or minus 4%. "Not sure" responses are not included.

## Narrow Escape

### Attack in the meeting room

The parliamentary committee room erupted with applause when Sri Lankan President Junius Jayewardene walked in. It was the ruling United National Party's first caucus meeting since Jayewardene and Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi had signed the historic July 29 accord aimed at ending four years of bitter civil strife in Sri Lanka. Obviously enjoying the tribute to his peacemaking efforts, Jayewardene smiled and then called the meeting to order.

He did not have long to savor the accolade. Less than 20 minutes later, as an aide leaned past the seated President, a door burst open and a shot was fired at Jayewardene. The assistant caught the bullet in his back and collapsed, critically wounded. Then two grenades exploded, one bouncing on the table in front of the President before it landed twelve feet away. The hail of shrapnel sent officials scurrying for cover. "There was pandemonium," said Cabinet Minister Abdul Majeed. "The room was filled with smoke, and members were shouting all sorts of things."

The grenade blasts, which shattered chairs and tore holes in the yellow-green carpet, left District Minister Keerthisiri Abeywickrama dead and ten people injured, including Prime Minister Ranasinghe Premadasa, who was sitting next to Jayewardene. Miraculously, the President escaped unharmed. Still wearing his bloodstained clothes, Jayewardene within hours delivered a nationwide radio address. "We intend to carry on our work," he said, "irrespective of the evil forces ganging up against us."

The task he referred to was to put into practice a month-old peace accord that gives members of the Tamil minority substantial local governing powers in the parts of the country where they predominate. The Tamils, most of them Hindus, make up 12.5% of the island's 16.7 million inhabitants and are concentrated in its northern and eastern provinces. Since the pact was signed, separatist Tamil guerrillas have ended their war and have begun to lay down arms under the watchful eyes of 7,000 Indian peacekeeping troops.

The Sinhalese majority, however, remains bitterly opposed to the accord. There is widespread anger that the Sri Lankan government has granted far too many concessions to the Tamils. Even after the assassination attempt, a few Sinhalese thought poorly of Jayewardene and his hand in the accord. "He sold the sovereignty of our country," said one Sinhalese student. "The only way to get it back is to get rid of him." Soon after the attack, a previously unknown Sinhalese group, called the Patriotic People's Movement, claimed responsibility, but the killers had immediately fled the scene. By week's end, no arrests had been made. ■



Ryan's family home ablaze in Hungerford; an artist's sketch of the killer

#### BRITAIN

## Wednesday, Bloody Wednesday

### A lone gunman brings death to a sleepy English town

Michael Ryan was a quiet fellow, except when it came to talking about guns. He never tired of telling his neighbors in Hungerford, a little farming town some 75 miles west of London, about his collection of firearms or showing them off whenever anyone paid attention. Ryan, 27, had recently joined the Tunnel Rifle and Pistol Club, where he practiced regularly. Said Club Manager Andrew White: "He was a very good shot. He hit an 18- by 14-in target consistently at 100 meters." Last week Ryan used his shooting skill to deadly effect, turning his neighbors into targets in the worst massacre in modern British history.

As he tramped through nearby Saverne Forest last Wednesday, Ryan wore a headband, a combat jacket and an ammunition belt slung over his shoulder. Suddenly he drew his 9-mm pistol and opened fire on a mother picnicking with her two children. While the horrified tots, ages 2 and 4, sobbed by their mother's body, Ryan calmly climbed into his silver Vauxhall Astral and drove off.

Seven minutes later he arrived at the row house he shared with his widowed mother in Hungerford. He shot her, killed the family dog and set the house on fire. Retrieving a semiautomatic Kalashnikov assault rifle and ammunition from a garden shed, Ryan began walking toward the center of town, firing bursts and reloading as he went. "He was just strolling along the road, shooting at anything that moved," said Barbara Merley. Said another witness, Christopher Browsher: "He looked just like Rambo."

Taxi Driver Marcus Barnard, on his way to visit his newborn son in the hospital, was shot through his windshield. He died instantly. A father and son emerged from a side road with two small girls,

Ryan opened fire at the men, leaving the father dead in a puddle of blood. He emptied his gun into the car of a woman and her daughter, killing both. Abdul Khan, 84, was cut down in his garden, dying as his wife cradled his head. Francis Butler was killed while walking his dog. The savagery was as swift as it was deadly: 13 people died between 1:05 p.m. and 1:15 p.m. The final toll: 16 dead, 14 wounded.

Police threw up roadblocks and used megaphones to urge residents to stay indoors. A helicopter carrying marksmen with sniper rifles whirred overhead, and teams of police with pump shotguns flooded the streets. By 2:30 p.m. they had tracked Ryan to the John O'Gaunt elementary school, which he had attended as a child. Trained negotiators arrived to talk to him, but to no avail. Shortly after 8 p.m., a muffled shot rang out. Ryan had become his own last victim.

The eruption of violence shattered the summer serenity of England, where policemen traditionally carry no guns and where fewer than 50 murders involving firearms were committed in 1986, compared with 839 for New York City alone. Police said Ryan gave no clues as to why he had run amuck. Neighbors portrayed him as a loner who became deeply depressed after the death two years ago of his father, a popular public housing inspector. Ryan, who drifted through a number of laborer jobs and was once employed in a gun shop, appeared to have had licenses for his personal arsenal. British officials immediately said they would review the country's gun-licensing laws. Said Douglas Hogg, Under Secretary of State at the Home Office: "Obviously, there are lessons to be learned from this incident."

*By Christopher Ogden/  
Hungerford*

## World

THE NETHERLANDS

# Tolerance Finally Finds Its Limits

*After years of permissiveness, the Dutch wonder if they have gone too far*

D van Thijn considers himself a tolerant man, but he readily admits that he is no longer as broad-minded as he was when he became mayor of Amsterdam in 1983. At that time the Dutch city of 700,000 was notorious as the drug capital of Europe, a place where hashish was smoked openly in cafes and dealers peddled their wares with impunity. In the past few years, however, Amsterdam—and indeed all of Holland—has begun to question the freewheeling ways that have long characterized Dutch society. From sex to drugs to welfare, the Dutch are increasingly wondering if they have grown too permissive. As Housing and Environment Minister Ed Nijpels puts it, "Have we gone too far?"

Mayor Van Thijn reflects the country's new mood. He has turned tough, albeit reluctantly, cracking down on Amsterdam's drug dealers, rioting squatters and other criminals. Van Thijn, who confesses that, like most of his countrymen, he took a lenient attitude toward drug abuse in the 1970s, now looks back in anger. "In the past 15 years," he says, "tolerance became synonymous with permissiveness, weakheartedness and softness on law-and-order. Today backlash and debate about where Dutch society is going are in the air."

Across the Netherlands, from the busy Rotterdam docks to the gleaming electronics plants of Eindhoven, the Dutch, who have always loved a rousing moralistic argument, are indulging in just that heady passion. The debate, which focuses on the proper balance between freedom and license, is echoed in all the industrialized democracies. In fact, the rates of divorce, juvenile crime and unwed motherhood remain lower in the Netherlands than in most other European countries and the U.S. "Let us remember that we have an open society, a nice, friendly, clean country," says Cees van Lede, president of the Federation of Netherlands Industry. Nonetheless, the discussion has taken on a special urgency in the Netherlands, which has long enjoyed a reputation for social experiment and enlightened attitudes, as well as unorthodox solutions. As a result, the Dutch stir up controversy when they argue, drawing worldwide attention to their social ills.

Street crime is producing the strongest backlash. The problem is not murder and armed robbery but a wave of theft and vandalism, much of it committed by drug addicts and squatters. In Rotterdam, theft has increased from 8,000 cases a year in 1980 to 64,000 in 1986. Radical "proletarian shoppers" help themselves to supermarket goods, frequently with impunity. Even Christian Democratic Prime

Minister Ruud Lubbers, who presides over a center-right coalition government, has been touched by crime. Twice within the past year, Lubbers has chased down men who broke into his wife's car and held them until the police arrived.

The turning point may have come in January, when hundreds of *krakers* (militant squatters) occupied a seven-story building and a bank in the southeastern city of Nijmegen. The squatters battled police for the better part of a day, injuring 19 officers and causing \$2 million in damage. The county was shocked by the realization that for several hours it was the *krakers*, not the authorities, who controlled the downtown of a major city. In the ensu-

are readily available at coffee shops. Waiters bring the fixings right to the table. An enterprising service called Home Blow Couriers even offers free delivery of drug orders in excess of \$12.50. Small wonder that youthful "hash tourists," especially from West Germany, flock to Amsterdam's Dam Square, or that visitors who do not understand Dutch occasionally experience strange feelings from the marijuana pastries they unknowingly eat in coffee shops.

The de facto legality of marijuana and other soft drugs is a vivid example of what Erasmus University Sociologist Jan van Doorn calls the Dutch practice of "repressive tolerance." He argues that much of the

ing wave of indignation, politicians clamored for new laws against squatting.

Many of the Dutch blame politicians for encouraging permissiveness that endangers crime. Others accuse the courts, specifically judges whose views were shaped in the 1960s and '70s and who continue to hand out minimal, sometimes absurdly lenient, sentences. In one notable case last year a young man was stabbed to death outside a disco in Hilversum by a punker. The 23-year-old killer was given four years in prison, two of them suspended.

Overcrowding in jails has reinforced the trend toward leniency. A convict who escaped from prison last year and was subsequently recaptured was pleased to discover that his cell had been assigned to a newcomer. The former inmate was released in his own custody to await a jail vacancy. Each Friday in Amsterdam, a district attorney tours detention cells to determine who can be released to make room for more serious offenders.

As public alarm over crime has risen, the government has responded. Minister of Justice Frederik Korthals Altes last February won overwhelming parliamentary approval for a \$40 million omnibus crime bill that calls for hiring more police and creating a criminal-investigation arm to assist municipal detective bureaus. Meanwhile, Housing Minister Nijpels announced the construction of 3,000 jail cells to supplement the 5,000 currently in use.

Many foreign visitors are shocked by the Netherlands' wide-open drug scene. Heroin is still overtly sold on some streets, despite increased police vigilance, while soft drugs such as marijuana and hashish

country's leniency is actually "tactical," in that it is aimed at isolating and controlling a problem "under supervision of the authorities." The technique has long been used in the Netherlands. As Van Doorn explains, "Allow open prostitution, but limit it to certain neighborhoods; that is, the notorious *walles* (red-light districts) in Amsterdam and other cities. Similarly, the sale of soft drugs is condoned at certain youth clubs."

Hard drugs are usually sold in more menacing surroundings. On the Zedijk, a narrow enclosed street near the central railroad station where few residents walk after dark, peddlars sidle up to passersby, within sight of policemen patrolling in pairs. On Dam Straat, Amsterdam's other notorious drug row, a span over a placid canal dubbed the "pill bridge" served as the main bazaar for illicit prescription narcotics until police cracked down recently.

Hard drugs are illegal, but only dealers are liable for prosecution: users are not arrested unless they commit other crimes. The Dutch are still experimenting with how to handle their 16,000 heroin addicts, a number that is significantly higher in proportion to the population than the estimated addicts in West Germany, Britain and France. In the late '70s, Amsterdam licensed four cafés to distribute heroin to addicts. The result was a spurt in drug-related crime and 30 heroin-overdose deaths a year. The city scrapped the scheme in 1980. Today, whenever a junkie is arrested for robbery or other crimes, he is offered a choice between going to jail or kicking the habit at a drug-rehabilitation center.

In no area is the debate louder than

over issues of sexuality and morals. There was a national uproar last year, for example, when a bill was introduced to unify a patchwork of laws covering sex and pornography. One of the legislation's provisions triggered particular anger: lowering the age of consent from 16 to twelve years of age. Church leaders and parents were outraged, and the Dutch Cabinet quickly killed the proposed law.

Since then the debate has swirled around legislation that would amount to an equal-rights amendment for homosexuals, who already enjoy antidiscrimination guarantees in the civil and diplomatic services. The government has promised to produce a bill this autumn that will outlaw antihomosexual discrimination in housing and in the hiring of teachers in public and private schools. Many Catholics, as well as members of Lubbers' party, frown on the prospect of parochial schools being told they no longer have the right to choose their instructors, and the legislation's fate is uncertain.

The Netherlands is the only European country considering the legalization of euthanasia—or mercy death, as the Dutch prefer to call it. Although euthanasia is illegal, Dutch physicians carry out an estimated 8,000 to 10,000 mercy deaths every year under a set of unofficial conditions: request of the patient, unbearable suffering, accord of the family and a second opinion by an-

other physician. A panel of five provincial attorneys general reviews cases on a regular basis. In 1984 one of the smaller opposition parties proposed a law that would legalize euthanasia along the lines of present practice. The government is working on a more restrictive version, and sometime this fall the Cabinet must find a compromise.

**T**he controversy over euthanasia goes to the heart of a traditional conflict in Dutch culture: strong religious faith, on one hand, vs. an instinct to use law and government as instruments of altruism. The issue points up a division between Dutch Protestants, many of whom favor euthanasia, and Catholics, many of whom oppose it on the ground that it is tantamount to murder. Above all, the argument demonstrates once again the Dutch compulsion to solve even the thorniest problems in the open, with the solution written into law.

As the debate about the country's direction runs its course, the Dutch will probably hew to their tradition of tolerance and choose a path somewhere between unfettered libertarianism and rigid social control. It could even be that in matters of social and private morals, the Dutch will move in yet more liberal directions. "Sure, pressure has been swinging against our freedoms, but there can be no turning back," insists Jeanne van Velze,

leader of the 15,000-member Netherlands Federation for Sexual Reform.

On the other hand, a more conservative trend is emerging on law-and-order issues, even among those who applaud the spectacular social freedoms that their country champions. "I am a lifelong socialist, and I am very proud of my country's tolerant philosophy," explains Sociologist Herman Vuijsje. "But I live near the Zee-dijk, and I am so offended by the drug scene there that I have surprised myself by abstaining [from voting] in protest."

Such shifts point to growing realism about what society should and should not tolerate. "In many ways, experimentation has been valuable," says a senior government official in the Hague. "We have a very live-and-let-live daily existence. But the major waste, the drugs and the crime, will have to be stopped." On the questions of drug abuse and unsafe streets, at least, there appears to be an increasingly vocal consensus: enough is enough.

By Frederick Painter.

Reported by Jordan Bonfante and Wilbo Vandelinde/Amsterdam



## World



SUNG KEE PARK

Tide of protest: locked out of their factories, employees at the giant firm stage the single biggest labor demonstration in their country's history

SOUTH KOREA

### Sputtering Back to Life

*Hyundai settles with its workers, but new strikes are called*

"Mansei! Mansei! Mansei!"

Facing a crowd of labor negotiators last week, Chung Ju Yung shouted the traditional Korean cheer for long life. *Mansei!* was an appropriate chant for the farm boy turned industrialist. He had just agreed to a settlement that would spark his \$14 billion-a-year Hyundai Group back to life.

Plagued by the same labor disputes that have crippled the South Korean economy over the past month, Chung had refused to meet with his employees newly formed unions and promptly shut down seven of his conglomerate's 24 companies. Among the shuttered enterprises: Hyundai Shipbuilding & Heavy Industries, with 24,000 workers, and Hyundai Motor, with 23,000. More than 60,000 employees in the southeastern city of Ulsan were locked out. Trying to rally near one factory, 20,000 workers clashed with riot police. A day later, 40,000 strikers and supporters staged a twelve-hour demonstration in and around Ulsan. Wearing white safety helmets and their blue company uniforms, the demonstrators flooded into the municipal stadium after a six-mile march. It was the biggest single labor protest in the nation's history.

Fearing further escalation, the government dispatched a negotiator to meet with Chung and union leaders. It marked

the first time that Seoul has intervened since the wave of strikes began in July. After a session of several hours, Chung agreed to recognize the new unions, promised to conclude wage talks by Sept. 1 and reopened his plants. In Seoul, teary-eyed labor representatives toasted their boss with beer and serenaded him with the company song.

Since the regime of President Chun Doo Hwan acquiesced to far-ranging democratic reforms in June, labor activists have organized strikes at hundreds of companies. Their aim: to win better pay and form unions that are independent of the workers' federations, which follow the management line. The government has been surprisingly supportive of the new unions' demands, even though strikes are still technically illegal. "Recent demands by laborers must in principle be accommodated," declared Chun.

The prospect of the country's second largest conglomerate's shutting down indefinitely stirred Seoul into direct action. Hyundai produces the Excel, a subcompact popular in the U.S. and one of the most potent symbols of South Korea's economic coming of age. Though Chung denies that he caved in to government pressure, he admits that his initial refusal to negotiate was wrongheaded. "I thought they [the union leaders] were too young and inexperienced with company affairs to

represent all the workers," says the 71-year-old Chung. "After I met with them personally, I found out I had been wrong."

While the government has earned praise for ending the Hyundai crises peacefully, it is wary of mediating again—especially if that leads to financial bailouts. "The less of it, the better for everybody," says Suh Sang Mok of the Korea Development Institute, a government think tank. Intervening in remaining disputes may also be logically impossible. At one point last week, the Labor Ministry reported that 485 companies were plagued by labor strife.

Although Seoul continued to take a conciliatory approach to the worker demands, it has forcefully cracked down on labor-related violence. Last week police rounded up 172 strikers and agitators for allegedly staging unruly protests. During a confrontation with police at Daewoo shipyard, one worker was killed, the first reported fatality since the strikes began.

The Hyundai settlement does not mean the end of the fight. The workers will strike again if wage talks are not concluded by Sept. 1, or if the company does not make a reasonable counteroffer to demands for salary hikes averaging 25%. The Hyundai car could be in short supply no matter what happens. Though assembly lines are running again, labor problems persist among Hyundai Motor's 260 suppliers. Unless those disputes are immediately settled, the auto giant will have only enough car parts for a week's worth of production.

—By Howard G. Chua-Eoan.  
Reported by S. Chang/Seoul and K.C. Hwang/  
Ulsan

# The Inmate of Spandau's Last Wish

**Rudolf Hess: 1894-1987**

**N**early every day for four decades, the prisoner took a stroll through a tiny garden inside West Berlin's forbidding Spandau fortress. He was never without a keeper and his gait had slowed to a shuffle over the years, but he rarely missed the opportunity for fresh air. Last Monday a guard left him alone briefly in a small cottage at the garden's edge. A few minutes later the guard returned to find the sole inmate of Spandau slumped over, an electrical cord wound tightly around his neck. Rushed to the nearby British Military Hospital, the old man was pronounced dead at 4:10 p.m. An autopsy showed that he had died of asphyxiation.

Two days later authorities revealed that a farewell note in a trouser pocket had confirmed what many had already surmised: Rudolph Hess, the last surviving member of Nazi Germany's high command, had finally escaped his captors by taking his own life at the age of 93.

The manner of Hess's death stirred shock and suspicion. An obvious suicide risk, Hess had tried to kill himself on at least four occasions, including a 1977 attempt in which he used a blunt dinner knife to gouge his wrists, foot and elbow. His son, Wolf Rüdiger Hess, 49, a Munich civil engineer, complained about "too many mysterious circumstances" surrounding his father's death, while Alfred Seidl, the old man's lawyer, argued that it would have been physically impossible for Hess, frail and nearly blind, to have throttled himself. The suicide was a particular embarrassment to the U.S., which for 40 years had taken monthly turns guarding the prisoner with former World War II Allies Britain, France and the Soviet Union. American soldiers were responsible for minding Hess at the time of his death.

The controversy that followed Hess's death seemed a fitting end to his enigmatic life. As Adolf Hitler's closest friend and the former deputy to the Führer of the Third Reich, Hess was sentenced to life imprisonment at the Nuremberg trials in 1946. He remained Spandau's only inhabitant for more than two decades, after the last of his fellow Nazis was released from the 147-cell red-brick fortress in 1966.

Only the Soviets had thought Hess was worth guarding like a latter-day Count of Monte Cristo. British, French and U.S. authorities had long been willing to release him on humanitarian grounds. Keeping the 109-year-old prison open for one inmate was also extremely costly. West Berlin and the Bonn government spent some \$1 million annually in salaries

and expenses to maintain a staff of 35 wardens, cooks and maintenance men. But the Soviets were adamant, insisting that, as their late leader Leonid Brezhnev put it, "to release Rudolf Hess would be an insult to the Soviet people."

Moscow's stubbornness was hard to fathom. Though Hess had been an early



At the peak of his career: with Hitler in 1938



Near the end: taking a stroll in the prison garden  
A quixotic flight and never again a moment of freedom.

Nazi zealot, he had never wielded any real power, and he was already behind bars in England when the Nazis invaded the Soviet Union in 1941. Ironically, his friendship with Hitler had developed in jail: the two men met in Landsberg Prison after the aborted Nazi putsch in 1923. There Hitler dictated *Mein Kampf* to Hess. Though Hitler later made Hess his deputy, he never took him seriously or delegated authority to him. At Nuremberg, the judges found Hess not guilty of war crimes or crimes against humanity but sentenced him to life imprisonment for "crimes against peace."

Hess appeared briefly on the world's center stage in May 1941, when he made a quixotic flight to Scotland. Dressed in the uniform of a Luftwaffe captain, the No. 2

ranking Nazi flew a Messerschmitt fighter from Germany and parachuted into an area near the estate of the Duke of Hamilton. He was promptly captured by an astonished farmer. Hess believed he was obeying supernatural powers and explained that he had come on a mission to end the war. Apprised of Hess's flight, Hitler declared that his deputy should be clapped in a madhouse or shot. The British jailed Hess, who spent part of his confinement in the Tower of London. After that he never knew a moment of freedom.

Before his incarceration in Spandau, Hess spent 21 months in a Nuremberg prison, where he reportedly wrote prodigiously about the Nazis and the war. He believed the Third Reich to be a "legitimate" aspiration of the German people and was convinced that he would be drafted to play a leading role someday in a "Fourth Reich." Even after his transfer to Spandau in 1947, Hess's loyalty to Hitler endured. He initially goose-stepped along the prison corridors, snapping the Nazi salute.

Given at first to rages and bouts of persecution mania, Hess settled into a routine of numbing regularity. Awakening at 6 a.m., the prisoner would limber up with calisthenics until he was escorted to the lavatory an hour later. After breakfast, he would walk in the Spandau prison garden, head lowered, hands clasped behind his back, invariably marching 215 paces in one direction and 215 in the other. After lunch, he would study the moon and space charts that covered the walls of his cell, watch television or read books on space exploration. In later years Hess became a fan of *Dallas* and *Dynasty*, but he was always banned from watching news programs.

For almost an hour every month, even as his health declined and he suffered from dizzy spells, Hess met with his wife Ilse, now 87, or his son, No. Touching was permitted, and a chest-high partition separated the prisoner from his family. "I would never again put a bird in a cage," Hess once wrote his wife. "Only now do I fully understand why the Chinese and Japanese, when fate is especially kind to them, buy a bird, open the door of the cage and let him fly away. One day I will do this too."

In Hess's case, the cage will also vanish. The four wartime Allies announced last week that Spandau would be demolished to keep it from becoming a shrine for Nazi sympathizers. Britain, which administers the sector of West Berlin that includes Spandau, plans to build a supermarket and an entertainment center on the site. The new facilities will cater to the 4,000 British service members and their families whose presence in West Berlin remains one of the legacies of Hitler's thousand-year Third Reich.

—By John Greenwald  
*Reported by Clive Freeman/West Berlin*

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## World Notes



Soviet Union: a sticky jam for berry-shopping housewives in Moscow



China: an abrupt decision for Playwright Wu, pictured in his study

### SOVIET UNION

## Those Sugar-Bowl Blues

It is jam-making season in Moscow, and unhappy housewives find themselves in a jam. There is no shortage of strawberries or currants. What is in scant supply is granulated sugar. As it turns out, authorities are rationing sugar, but not because they have initiated an offensive against tooth decay. According to *Izvestia*, Soviet officials are convinced that citizens are getting around the recent crackdown on vodka by making moonshine at home, with sugar as a prime ingredient. Caught between low supplies and high demands, the Soviet housewife can hardly be blamed if her mood lately has been less than sweet—especially if she likes to make a mean cocktail as well as a tasty jam.

### INDIA

## Trouble for the Man Upstairs

Despite his 75 years, Hu Qiaomu, the chief guardian of Maoist doctrine and a leading Communist Party theorist, climbed the four flights of stairs as if he relished the task. His destination: the Peking apartment of Playwright Wu Zuguang, 70, an outspoken critic of conservatism in the party and a strong advocate of free

speech. Once inside, Hu recited a litany of Wu's ideological sins. The message was clear: leave the party or be expelled. Wu quit on the spot.

The incident was fresh evidence that China's seesaw struggle between doctrinaire Communist hard-liners and pragmatic reformists had taken yet another swing. In recent months, the reformists had been gaining greater control over the economy. Now, however, the ideologues have apparently persuaded Paramount Leader Deng Xiaoping that the party cannot afford to shelter those who snipe at its authority. Though Wu was the only intellectual whose departure has been confirmed, as many as four other liberal theoreticians and journalists have reportedly been asked to quit the party.

### INDIA

## When the Rain God Failed

At a Hindu ceremony in the Indian state of Rajasthan, Agriculture Minister G.S. Dhillon joined last week with local farmers in chanting a plea to the rain god Varuna. Across the country, farm workers fell into similar prayers. But even appeals to the gods went unheeded. India is plagued by its worst drought conditions in a century, and suffering is widespread.

Experts expect some crops to fall 40% to 50% from last

year's levels. The yield in the agriculturally important states of Haryana and Uttar Pradesh will be about 70% below normal. A famine is considered unlikely since India has large stockpiles of wheat and rice. But food shortages are a real possibility, and India may be forced to import grain for the first time in years. That could create new political problems for Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi, whose ruling party has taken credit for India's recent self-sufficiency in food grains.

### MEXICO

## Politics over Chilaquiles

Over scrambled eggs and chicken-stuffed chilaquiles, 130 leaders of the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party have begun screening six potential candidates for the 1988 presidential election. The first three contenders had their turn last week, at three separate breakfasts in Mexico City.

The meals were a tentative gesture toward openness. Through 58 years of uninterrupted rule by PRI, a Mexican President had virtually a free hand in choosing his successor as the party's nominee. This year, however, a dissident faction known as the Democratic Current has clamored to open PRI's nomination process. In response, party officials drew up a short list of candidates. But the rebels are not im-

pressed. "It's a grand show," said Democratic Current Leader Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas. "Nothing has changed."

### ISRAEL

## Shades of Ollie North

Throughout the tense period last year when two Americans were on trial for selling U.S. secrets to Israel, officials in Jerusalem never wavered from what the U.S. considered an incredible story. The spy ring that included Jonathan and Anne Pollard had been a "rogue operation." The Israelis insisted, run without the knowledge of top government officials. The ring's mastermind, Rafi Eitan, who later became head of Israel's largest state-owned company, had never publicly contradicted the official line.

Last week he did. In statements that echoed the recent pronouncements of a certain Lieut. Colonel Oliver North, Eitan maintained that he had done nothing in the Pollard operation without the direction of his superiors. "In all my activities, I did not act without approval," he said on a radio show. In a separate newspaper interview, Eitan asked, "Do the people responsible appreciate the fact that I agreed to assume the responsibility?" If so, they are not saying so. Israeli officials had no comment.



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## Point Blank

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## Economy & Business

# **Franchising Fever**

*For a haircut, workout or hearing aid, proceed to the nearest chain store*

**I**t is a time-tested way to build a big company. First come up with a good product or service and give it a catchy name. Then recruit an army of entrepreneurs to carry that name into cities and towns all across the U.S., or even the world. The phenomenon is known as franchising, and it has created millionaires galore and made empires of McDonald's, Holiday Inn and Baskin-Robbins.

Franchising may be a century-old idea, but it has never seemed fresher or hotter than in the U.S. of 1987. The business strategy that peppered the land with Golden Arches is in the midst of an unaided S. Horowitz film and Baskin-Robbins.

As new franchise operations have popped up, many established chains have been enjoying explosive expansion. The number of Meineke muffler shops has jumped from 390 to 541 since the end of 1985, while Domino's Pizza has increased the size of its chain by 38%, from 2,839 to 3,921 restaurants. The Super 8 Motel network has grown from 323 locations to 446 during the same period.

Commerce Department figures show that franchising is growing at an extraordinarily fast pace. Franchises will do \$591 billion in business this year, a 77% increase over their sales volume in 1980.

their jobs in the recent wave of retrenchment in American corporations. Says John Campbell, chief executive of Franchise Masters, a consulting firm with offices in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Tampa: "Some people want to buy a job. A lot of middle-management people are being displaced, and they've often got a good bit of money from severance pay."

The phenomenon is accelerating so rapidly, says Andrew Kostecka, Commerce Department analyst, that "franchising will be the leading method of doing business in the 21st century." John Naisbitt, author of the best-selling *Megatrends*, has estimated that franchising, which now accounts for just over a third of retail sales, will generate \$1 trillion annually, or half of all sales, within 20 years.

The successful franchiser and franchisee form a symbiotic relationship that enriches them both. The franchiser can expand a new company without having to borrow huge amounts of capital. Franchisees pay an up-front fee, which usually covers certain training and furnishings, to become part of a chain. The cost is typically lower for companies that do not require much equipment or for chains that are just starting up. The fee can be as little as \$9,750 for the business cards and other materials needed to open a Coasic-Glo franchise, which specializes in cleaning ceilings, or as much as \$350,000 to open a McDonald's. Some franchisers assist with the start-up financing.

Once they are established, the owners of the outlets represent a regular source of income to the parent company, since they generally pay it a percentage of gross revenues and often share advertising and promotion costs as well. A Super 8 franchisee, for example, pays the firm a royalty of 4% of gross room revenues and contributes an additional 2% toward system-wide advertising.

In return, the franchisees often get a slew of benefits. They may buy not only a product or a name but a whole image and way of doing business. Many companies help their franchisees with almost every aspect of the operation. Says Stanley Williams, assistant director of communications for the Washington-based International Franchise Association: "The typical person starting a small business may be a good mechanic, cook or barber, but he doesn't know how to pick a location, buy supplies, hire and train workers and do his

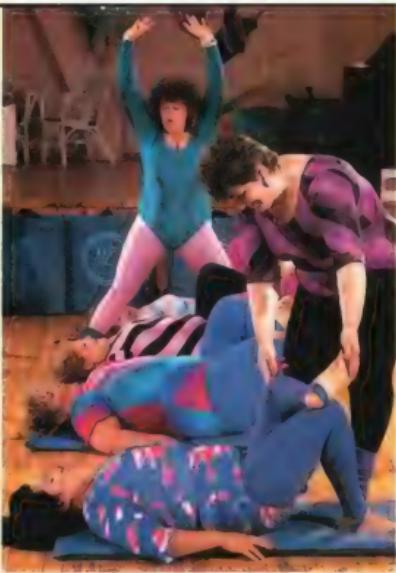


**Hair Performers  
Atlanta**

precedent boom. Never have so many would-be tycoons turned to franchising, and never have they found so many would-be store owners lined up to buy a franchise. No longer limited mainly to fast-food outlets, auto dealerships and motels, the chain-store concept is spreading to an amazing array of goods and services. Consumers in a growing number of cities can get a haircut at Hair Performers, buy hearing aids at Miracle-Ear, do their laundry at Duds 'N Suds, have their homes cleaned by Maids International and get an auto "engine shampoo" at Tidy Car, seek business advice at Priority Management Systems or lose weight at Suddenly Slender and Designer Body spas.

**Employment in franchising**, which was estimated 4.7 million in 1980, will top 7 million this year, or 6.3% of the U.S. work force. This trend is fueled by legions of workers who see myriad opportunities to start their own business and be their own boss. Says Robert Kushell, a Glen Cove, N.Y., franchising consultant: "The accountant who doesn't want to work with numbers all day, the businessman who's tired of traveling three weeks out of the month, the woman who has stayed home and raised a family and now wants a career—all these people can find that franchising offers them a process for learning a new career."

Prominent among the ranks of the franchisees are hundreds who have lost



Women at Large  
Yakima, Wash.

Powell, center, and  
McConnell, right,  
think big is beautiful

taxes. Franchising supplies this expertise."

The parent company may provide the architectural plans for the construction of the store, the uniforms for the workers and prizes to be used in promotional giveaways. Perhaps most important, many franchisers offer name recognition backed by advertising razzle-dazzle. Each of the 2,600 Taco Bell outlets in the U.S. has benefited from the chain's national TV campaign starring Chicago Bears Quarterback Jim McMahon.

Behind every thriving chain, of course, is an innovative, or at least appealing, idea. Daniel Bishop and five other commercial cleaners founded Omaha-based Maids International in 1979 to provide housecleaning services to busy working couples. The partners devised a team-cleaning approach in which four people can complete 25 basic jobs, from vacuuming and dusting to changing linens and washing windows, in less than an hour. Average charge: \$55. Maids International teams working for 197 franchises now clean more than 10,000 homes in 33 states, the District of Columbia and Canada every month.

In many cases, personal experience or frustrations give franchisers their golden ideas. Women at Large, a chain of gyms for larger-size women, was started three years ago by Sharlyne Powell and Sharon McConnell, two athletic women of ample proportions themselves. Both had felt uncomfortable taking aerobics classes full of skinny people and being taught by equally slender instructors. At the ten Women at Large salons, from Canada to Tennessee, customers are encouraged to relax and think positive. Clients weigh an average of 175 lbs., and the instructors are equally

full framed. Each Women at Large gym sells a line of stylish leotards and leg warmers in hot pink and other fashionable colors. The sizes, of course, are suited to women who weigh up to 450 lbs. The company is now marketing a one-hour workout video featuring heavier women. Price: \$39.95

Sometimes franchisers launch a company simply by making an old product better. In 1982 Ted Rice, a Kansas City TV cameraman, brought home a cinnamon roll he had bought from a vendor and asked his wife Joyce, a schoolteacher, if she could make a tastier one. After she came up with a delicious specimen topped with streusel and a thin layer of vanilla icing, they tried selling her rolls at state fairs and arts-and-crafts shows. When long lines started to form, they knew they had a hit. The Rices opened their first T.J. Cinnamons shop in Kansas

City 2½ years ago, and have since opened seven more in the area and sold 133 franchises in 42 states.

Often it is not the basic product or service that is appealing but the atmosphere in which it is provided. Phil Akin was working his way through Iowa State University in 1983 by installing coin-operated machines on campus when he decided to start his kind of laundrette, a place where people could get a cold beer or play a hot game of eight ball while they waited for their clothes to dry. Akin opened the first Duds 'N Suds store, complete with pool table and bar, with a \$120,000 loan from an Ames, Iowa, bank. Since then, Akin has added eight laundrettes of his own and sold 56 Duds 'N Suds franchises in 27 states. The entertainment features are left to the tastes of the franchisees. Several Duds 'N Suds outlets show movies, and the three in Nevada have slot machines, naturally.

No matter how good the concept, it must be well executed. Experienced franchisers warn that the potential franchisees must be carefully screened, since the future success of the company depends on their reliability and hard work. Says Victoria Morton, founder of Denver-based Victory International, which franchises the Suddenly Slender and Designer Body weight-loss centers: "It's like marriage. We have to like and trust them, and they have to like and trust us." Dan Stamp, founder of Priority Management Systems, a Vancouver-based chain that helps executives organize their time, says he looks for "high self-esteem" in his franchisees.

To ensure consistent quality, some franchisers set up elaborate training programs. I Can't Believe It's Yogurt, a chain that will soon have 115 yogurt parlors in 25 states, has set up Yogurt University at the company's Dallas headquarters. Similar to McDonald's Hamburger U, the school gives new franchisees a ten-day indoctrination into every aspect of the business, from how to choose a good location for a store to how to make yogurt the company way. During the final stage of training, students go into franchise stores where instructors observe

#### T.J. Cinnamons Pompano Beach, Fla.

The company was built on a better-tasting bun



## Economy & Business

as some prospective franchisees play the parts of salespeople while others act as temperamental customers. The object: to show the students how to handle unexpected demands.

Still, efforts to impose too rigid a formula can backfire. Says the Commerce Department's Kostecka: "Some of the biggest disputes arise because a franchisee doesn't want to follow the system." To foster creativity and diversity, Hair Performers, a 240-shop chain, encourages its franchisees to fashion their own hairstyles. Owners like Bill and Peggy Howard, who run a Hair Performers shop in Atlanta, take pride in the awards that their stylists have won in hairdressing competitions.

Just as the franchiser should check out the potential franchisees, the reverse

also applies. Consultant Kushell gives this advice to would-be shop owners: "Talk to existing franchisees who have lived with the system for a period of time, and make very sure that the franchiser loves them as much in June as he did in January. Talk to people who have been in the system three, five or ten years." Kushell also suggests working in an established outlet for a day or two.

For all the potential profits, running a franchise is arduous work and not a task for a halfhearted investor. Donita and Bill Rachell worked twelve to 14 hours a day for months while establishing a Maids International operation in St. Louis, training the cleaning teams and soliciting clients. Says she: "It's a lot of headaches, I wouldn't kid you about that, and it tries your patience some days. You're giving up

the security of a paycheck, and you put everything you worked for on the line."

Franchisers show no signs of running out of ideas. The newest hot concept is piggyback franchising, in which stores operated by one chain also sell the products of another franchised firm. Baskin-Robbins ice-cream counters, for example, can now be found in 15 Wendy's restaurants. Three Dairy Queens sell Mister Donut products. 7-Eleven stores, which already peddle their own sandwiches and hot dogs, now feature Church's Fried Chicken at five locations and Hardee's hamburgers at three other stores. The ultimate strategy in this sort of marketing may be to transform a single franchised store into a micromall. —By Janice Castro. Reported by Michele Donley/Chicago and Jane Van Tassel/New York, with other bureaus



Before and after: how Da Vinci's smiling lady translates on a fax machine

## Just the Fax, Ma'am

Facsimile machines shrink in size, drop in price and win fans

Just before an appearance last month at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall, the renowned Crosby, Stills and Nash decided that they wanted to perform an old Bob Dylan tune, *Ballad of Hollis Brown*. But the rock group needed the sheet music for the song, and the most accessible copies were at the Secaucus, N.J., offices of Warner Bros. Publications. The group telephoned Warner Vice President Sy Feldman, who asked if the performers had access to a fax machine. Luckily, one of those electronic wonders was available at their hotel. In the time that it takes to sing the ballad, the band had copies of it in their hands. They performed the song in both shows that night.

From office workers to rock stars, more and more people are answering yes to the question, Do you have a fax? A fax, short for facsimile machine, sends electronic copies of documents over ordinary telephone lines to a fax on the opposite end. Once considered too bulky and costly to be practical, fax machines have shrunk to half the size of personal computers and dropped sharply in price, to less than

\$1,000 for one model. As a result, fax sales in the U.S. are expected to rise from 250,000 machines this year to 400,000 by 1990, pushing the industry's annual revenues from \$700 million to the magic \$1 billion mark.

A fax is part paper copier and part telephone. On one end, a document is fed into the machine. The operator then uses the built-in telephone to dial the phone number of the receiving fax. When contact is made, an electronic scanner is activated. As it moves across the page, it converts the text, charts and pictures into electrical pulses that are carried over the telephone line. On the receiving end, the process is reversed. The machines can transmit everything from design plans to a picture of the *Mona Lisa*, in black-and-white at least.

Fax meets the needs of all sorts of users. Dime Savings Bank of New York uses them to verify signatures on checks and important documents. The Los Angeles Clippers basketball team sends game scores and players' statistics to newspapers by fax. Edward Scripps, chairman of

the Scripps League Newspapers chain, carries one wherever he goes, even aboard his company yacht, the *Eagle Mar*, so that he can send suggestions for editorials to his publishers.

The appeal of fax is speed and cost. Federal Express charges about \$12 to deliver a one-page letter overnight. The same letter can be faxed in a matter of seconds for less than 50¢. Telex also pales by comparison. To telex a document, a keyboard operator must retype it at a computer terminal before sending it to its destination. This can take an hour or more and cost about \$5 for 50 words. With a fax, people can simply send a "picture" of the text. Says Mark Winther, an electronics analyst at Manhattan-based Link Resources: "The growth of fax is coming out of the hives of Federal Express and Western Union. Fax poses a serious threat to overnight express mail, and it could make telex obsolete."

Modern facsimile dates back to World War II, when the military used slow, crude devices to transmit maps, orders and weather charts. Such companies as 3M and Xerox introduced the machines into the office for \$10,000 and up. But fax did not become commercially successful until the 1980s, when Japanese companies developed better machines by replacing mechanical parts with sophisticated computer circuitry. That cut transmission time for a page from six minutes to ten seconds, and copy quality improved dramatically. Moreover, a fax no longer hogs office floor space. Most fit on desktops. Mitsubishi Electric has introduced a unit that fits under a car dashboard.

The biggest reduction, though, has been in the price. The typical machine today costs less than \$3,000. Sharp Electronics recently unveiled a compact fax that doubles as an ordinary telephone for only \$900. Prices could fall to \$500 by year's end, putting the devices within reach of the mass market. Ultimately, fax machines could become as common as personal computers, or even telephones. —By Thomas McCarron/New York

# A Burden Too Heavy to Bear

*Insurance companies face the staggering cost of AIDS*

Never insure a burning house, warns an old adage much quoted in the \$930 billion U.S. insurance industry. Now many of the nation's 2,000 or so commercial insurance firms are brandishing that slogan in a new kind of fire fight: the battle over who should pay the spiraling health costs for victims of acquired immunodeficiency syndrome, or AIDS. Insurance regulators and special-interest lobbyists argue with increasing fervor that the companies that cover some 140 million Americans must shoulder a greater part of the growing AIDS load. For their part, insurance executives complain that one of their industry's fundamental principles, the right to evaluate risk, is under attack. The outcome of the struggle is also of vital interest to individual policyholders, who might see premiums rise as the deadly virus spreads through society.

Behind the growing controversy is the sad fact that AIDS, which has already claimed the lives of more than 23,000 Americans, often bankrupts its victims before it kills them. Typically, an AIDS sufferer will die within three years of contracting the malady, but only after incurring hospital bills that can run as high as \$30,000 a year. So far, that disaster has impinged only marginally on the balance sheets of the insurance industry, excluding nonprofit groups like Blue Cross and Blue Shield. AIDS-related private-insurance claims last year totaled an estimated \$745 million, or 1% of total commercial life insurance and health insurance payouts nationwide.

As the incidence of AIDS cases increases, however, so will the payouts. Between now and 1991, if the number of AIDS victims grows to a projected 400,000, the cost of their treatment will total more than \$37 billion, estimates the California-based Rand Corp., a private research institute. Much of that money will come from public health programs like Medicare and Medicaid, and from the pockets of the victims themselves. But \$10 billion or so could be paid out by private insurance firms. A recent study, by Massachusetts Actuaries Michael Cowell and Walter Hoskins, predicts that by the year 2000, AIDS-related deaths could cost life insurance companies up to \$50 billion. Asks William Carroll, executive director of the Life Insurance Association of Massachusetts, an industry group: "Are we supposed to sit and wait for this flood of claims?"

Clearly, most insurers do not intend to. While honoring existing policies for AIDS sufferers, most firms are trying to limit the risk of signing up future AIDS victims—and have thereby stirred up an outcry. Some companies have hired investigators to inquire into applicants' lifestyles, presumably to discover whether prospective policyholders are homosexuals. The hottest issue: whether insurance

companies have the right to test for the presence of AIDS-related antibodies in the blood of would-be policyholders. Even a positive test result is by no means a definitive sign that a person will contract AIDS. But in a survey last year of 324 life and health insurers that write more than 70% of the nation's policies, 91% of the firms said they would deem "uninsurable" anyone whose blood shows signs of the antibodies.

Los Angeles-based Transamerica Occidental Life (1986 revenues \$1.9 billion) two years ago became the first insurer to announce that it would impose an AIDS blood test on anyone who sought an individual life insurance policy. Many rivals,

Some state regulators appear to agree, and have banned, or at least curbed, the private industry's use of AIDS tests. In December, Massachusetts ruled out AIDS testing for life, health and disability policies, though Governor Michael Dukakis later eased the ban for some policies worth more than \$100,000. In New York, a regulation that takes effect in September bans AIDS testing for hospital and medical insurance, while continuing to allow it for life and disability policies. Since last year the District of Columbia has permitted no blood testing at all for AIDS antibodies. In California, insurers are prohibited from testing for antibodies, but companies have skirted the ban with less specific tests that measure the general condition of applicants' immune systems.

Restrictions have already had a chilling effect on some insurers. In the District of Columbia, 42 of the area's top 50 insur-



ROBERT CRUMB © 1986 ROBERT CRUMB

particularly among the 50 major insurance firms, have since begun testing anyone seeking a high-value individual life policy. But those measures are less sweeping than they seem: some 85% of U.S. insurance policies are provided through group plans, which are usually unaffected by the testing dictum. Even where tests have been applied, the results so far have been minor. Transamerica received 168,000 insurance applications between January 1986 and June of this year, and rejected only 82 on the basis of suspected or diagnosed cases of AIDS.

To insurers, the right to test applicants for AIDS is identical to their right to conduct any other medical test. But many AIDS support groups and health-care activists demur. "Access to insurance coverage is synonymous with access to adequate health care in this country," says Glen Maxey, executive director of the Lesbian Gay Rights Lobby of Texas. Maxey, along with others, argues that it is unfair for the industry to expect public health-care insurance to pick up the slack.

ance companies, including New York Life and Prudential, have stopped selling life policies because of the blood-testing ban. Other insurers have issued dire warnings about the financial fallout from such testing restrictions. Declares Robert Waldron, director of the New York office of the American Council of Life Insurance: "Individuals will see insurance that costs \$1,000 today climb to \$5,000."

In an effort to cope with the insurance problem, 15 states have started risk pools that provide health insurance, at rates that can run as high as four times the usual, to people who would otherwise be uninsurable. In recent years more than 20,000 applicants have joined such pools, which could get a boost from legislation pending in Congress that encourages states to create them. That measure may be helpful, but it is unlikely to ease the continuing pressure on private insurers to allocate more funds to the hapless AIDS victim.

*By Gordon Bock.*

*Reported by Robert Ajemian/Boston and Scott Brown/Los Angeles*

# There's Green in Them Thar Hills

*Emerald hunting yields profits and perils in Colombia*

**I**t was just before sunrise on a recent summer morning high in the Boyacá mountains of central Colombia. Already the steep terrain was bustling with prospectors called *guauqueros*, or treasure hunters. They were seeking their fortunes in the Cosqués cut, a mountainside excavation rich with dazzling gems emeralds.

Suddenly, 25 armed men disguised as soldiers appeared and rounded up eleven miners and *guauqueros*. Forcing them to lie face down in the gritty black soil, the gunmen coolly shot and killed their victims one by one, then escaped into the verdant

time. In the past two years strong consumer demand has helped push up world emerald prices by almost 30%. A polished, top-grade deep green stone weighing one carat now typically costs \$5,000 on the retail market. Colombia exports an estimated \$40 million worth of emeralds annually, but that does not account for all the gems that are illegally smuggled out of the country. Both the mining companies and the government lose millions of dollars in revenue because of the unauthorized activities of the *guauqueros*.

The government tried to seize control in the mid-1940s by nationalizing the



A swarm of treasure hunters searches for gems in the muddy runoff from the Cosqués mine

**hillside** When real Colombian soldiers arrived to investigate the slaughter, they got no information from local villagers. Though many people heard and saw the shootings, none would admit it for fear of meeting a similar fate. The official conclusion: the incident was just another in a long line of vendettas among the thousands of emerald hunters afflicted with "green fever."

Like cocaine, quality emeralds are big and dangerous business in Colombia. The country produces no less than 90% of the world's supply of the precious green stones. Just as plentiful is the bloodshed caused by territorial fights among rival clans of *guauqueros*. Unlike the diamond-mining industry, which is tightly controlled by the South African cartel, De Beers Consolidated Mines, the Colombian emerald business is wide open. Though the government grants mining rights to production companies and nominally regulates the industry, the vast majority of emeralds are brought to market by independent, unregulated *guauqueros*. "There are no economic laws that apply," says Jack Rotiewicz, general manager of one of the government-authorized mining companies, "and no one can even pretend to control the market."

The stakes are growing larger all the

mines, but that merely led to rampant corruption. Many of the bureaucrats put in charge looted the mining companies' profits. At the same time, the government could not stop the violence around the mines. After 900 deaths occurred at a mine one year in the early 1970s, the authorities had to shut it down. In 1977 the



*A guauquero's dream is to find a "drop of oil." The victims were shot and killed one by one*

government decided to grant short-term leases to several private mining companies. That strategy, however, has had little success. The government-sanctioned companies produce only about 20% of Colombia's emerald exports. *Guauqueros* and smugglers account for the rest.

The inability of the government to control the industry has much to do with the nature of emerald mining. In a typical operation, bulldozers cut huge swaths across a mountainside. Then the miners tunnel into the ground with hydraulic jacks and dynamite. After that, the operators run water over the area to clean away the debris. This process exposes emerald-bearing white calcite veins. Miners are able to pick out the larger crystals, but most of the smaller ones have been washed down to shallow riverbeds below the mine, where swarms of *guauqueros* sift through the mud in search of the precious stones. The most enterprising treasure hunters use dynamite and hand tools to burrow tunnels into places where a mining company has already excavated, trying to reach the white calcite veins.

**I**f the free-lance miners hit pay dirt, they split the booty with other clan members, since holding out on one's fellows is a capital offense. Then the stones are usually sold to middlemen at the river's edge or in nearby towns and eventually wind up in the hands of smugglers. Every *guauquero*'s dream is to find a large "drop of oil" stone—one of great purity that could fetch thousands of dollars. Most of the treasure hunters, however, spend their days in extreme poverty, squandering what little they earn on liquor.

But the *guauqueros* come away with enough emeralds to make life frustrating for the production companies. Says one mining executive: "If we get 30% of what the mine produces, that's good." Another mine operator tried to introduce new equipment that would have greatly increased his production capacity and limited the amount of emeralds washed into the riverbed. But he gave up the plan when he received anonymous threats, which he assumed were from *guauquero* clans. "You can cooperate with them, or you can fight them," he says. "I prefer to cooperate because I prefer to live."

Within the mine sites, companies go to extreme lengths to preserve their profits. Each miner is watched at all times by two technicians and an armed security guard. The emeralds are typically put into large leather or canvas bags, which are locked in a combination safe and held up to 24 hours until a helicopter from Bogotá, about 60 miles to the south, can take away the jewels.

Despite such precautions, employee theft is common. Among the offenders are the uniformed security guards and soldiers that protect every mine. At night, they often change to civilian clothes and join the *guauqueros* for a little prospecting. That is yet another reason why Colombia has a thriving black market in the green gems.

By Laura López/Cosqués

## Business Notes



Takeovers: persistent Perelman



Housing: new residence under construction in Florida

United Automobile Workers

Consumers Union

Polygraphers International, Business magazine, National

National Safety Council, National Safety Council, Inc., The

The New York Times

ABCDUCTION SCORE: 20

ABC-TV, CBS-TV, NBC-TV, Fox-TV, The

American Society of Cinematographers

FABERGE, INC.

Personal care products

McGraw-Hill Construction Daily News

Wall Street Journal, Dow Jones & Company

Washington Post

WILLIAMSON, MARTIN, KELLER

Yankee Publishing

Yale University Press

FORT HOWARD

Great Bay, Wisconsin

Milwaukee, Peoria, Springfield, Greenfield, Madison, Oconomowoc

Washington lobbying group

Housing construction is

still vulnerable to any new sign of rising mortgage rates. But there was at least one reason for continued optimism. The Labor Department announced that the Consumer Price Index, a major indicator of inflation and, indirectly, of interest-rate pressures, rose 2% in July, only half the pace of a month earlier.

Labor: Kirkland marks Coors off the hit list

### LABOR

## Beer in the Lunch Pail

One of the longest-running product boycotts in recent memory finally drew to a heady close last week. In Washington, AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland crossed off the name of the Colorado-based Coors brewery from a list of sanctioned companies, ending a ten-year labor dispute. Reason for the peace declaration: Coors had agreed not to interfere with union-organizing efforts at its two plants.

The drawn-out beer boycott began in 1977, when the brewery hired nonunion workers to replace 1,500 employees who had walked off their jobs to protest a proposed labor contract. Lately, a new Coors marketing push in the Northeast has been stymied by the campaign. At such lucrative beer-drinking venues as New York City's Shea Stadium and Boston's Fenway Park, vendors had refused to sell the boycotted brew.

### TAKLOVERS

## Another Stab At Gillette

Some people just cannot seem to take no for an answer. For the third time in less than a year, Ronald Perelman, chairman of the Revlon Group, is reviving

his efforts to take over Gillette. Last week Perelman offered \$5.4 billion in cash and securities for the Boston-based razor-blade concern. That is nearly \$800 million more than his last bid, in June, which the company rejected as inadequate.

Perelman's pursuit of Gillette is particularly brash for legal reasons. Last November, the tycoon signed a ten-year agreement in which he promised not to seek control of Gillette without prior consent of the company's board. Perelman says he has sought such approval in a letter to Gillette's directors. But the target company immediately criticized the letter as "strident."

### INSIDER TRADING

## Never Play With Guns

For a while, it looked as if the steam had gone out of the much-touted campaign by U.S. prosecutors against insider trading on Wall Street. Only last May, for example, the feds dropped charges against three investment-banking executives, though new indictments may be brought. But last week the campaign against wrongdoing in Manhattan's financial community took another step forward as Lawyer Israel Grossman, 34, was found guilty on 38 counts of mail and securities fraud related to insider trading. Grossman,

who will be sentenced Sept. 15, faces a maximum of five years in jail and a \$250,000 fine on each count.

Grossman's conviction came as a result of actions in July 1986, when he telephoned five relatives and a friend to tip them off to the pending financial restructuring of Colt Industries, the firearms and automotive-parts manufacturer. The six bought almost \$34,000 worth of Colt options, an investment that netted nearly \$1.5 million in profits when the project became public knowledge. The crimes were discovered during a Securities and Exchange Commission investigation of the unusually heavy trading in Colt prior to the refinancing announcement. Grossman will appeal last week's verdict.

### HOUSING

## Raise High The Roof Beam

When mortgage rates climbed above 10% last spring, the number of new houses under construction headed for the basement. But last week the Commerce Department reported that housing starts edged up 9% in July, to an annual rate of 1.6 million units, the first monthly increase since February. "We expect some stability for the rest of the year," said Richard Peach, senior economist of the Mortgage Bankers Association, a

Washington lobbying group.

Housing construction is still vulnerable to any new sign of rising mortgage rates. But there was at least one reason for continued optimism. The Labor Department announced that the Consumer Price Index, a major indicator of inflation and, indirectly, of interest-rate pressures, rose 2% in July, only half the pace of a month earlier.

### CRIME

## The Mounties Get Their Man

American authorities were mildly astonished last week after getting a call from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The Mounties said they had nabbed Charles J. McVey II, 57, a businessman-fugitive on the U.S. Customs Service's ten-most-wanted list. The Canadian cops found him in Teslin, Yukon Territory, a hamlet 850 miles north of Vancouver. McVey was a target of Operation Exodus, an effort to stop sales of Western high-tech goods to the Eastern bloc.

McVey fled the U.S. in 1982, after being indicted for shipping sophisticated computing gear, satellite image-processing gear and other equipment to Moscow. He apparently decided to visit the Yukon on a fishing trip, and was spotted by a Mountie corporal who remembered his photograph.

## Education

COVER STORY

# The New Whiz Kids

*Why Asian Americans are doing so well, and what it costs them*

**S**ome are refugees from sad countries torn apart by war. Others are children of the stable middle class whose parents came to the U.S. in search of a better life. Some came with nothing, not even the rudiments of English. Others came with skills and affluence. Many were born in the U.S. to immigrant parents.

No matter what their route, young Asian Americans, largely those with Chinese, Korean and Indochinese backgrounds, are setting the educational pace for the rest of America and cutting a dazzling figure at the country's finest schools. Consider some of this fall's freshman classes: at Brown it will be 9% Asian American, at Harvard nearly 14%, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology 20%, the California Institute of Technology 21% and the University of California, Berkeley an astonishing 25%.

By almost every educational gauge, young Asian Americans are soaring. They are finishing way above the mean on the math section of the Scholastic Aptitude Test and, according to one comprehensive study of San Diego-area students, outscoring their peers of other races in high school grade-point averages. They spend more time on their homework, a researcher at the U.S. Department of Education found, take more advanced high school courses and graduate with more credits than other American students. A higher percentage of these young people complete high school and finish college than do white American students. Trying to explain why so many Asian-American students are superachievers, Harvard Psychology Professor Jerome Kagan comes up with this simple answer: "To put it plainly, they work harder."

All this would appear to be another success story for the American dream, an example of the continuing immigrant urge to succeed and of the nation's ability to thrive on the dynamism of its new citizens. But there is also a troubling side to the story. Asian Americans consider the "model minority" image a misleading stereotype that masks individuality and conceals real problems. Many immigrant families, especially the Indochinese refugees who arrived in the years following the fall of Saigon in 1975, remain mired in poverty. Their war-scarred children, struggling with a new language and cul-

ture, often drop out of school. Further, the majority of Asian-American students do not reach the starry heights of the celebrated few, and an alarming number are pushing themselves to the emotional brink in their quest for excellence. Many also detect signs of resentment among non-Asians, an updated "yellow peril" fear. In particular, the country's best universities are accused of setting admissions quotas to restrict the numbers of Asian Americans on campus.

Even with these problems, many Asian-American students are making the U.S. education system work better for them than it has for any other immigrant group since the arrival of East European Jews began in the 1880s. Like the Asians, the Jews viewed education as the ticket to success. Both groups "feel an obligation to excel intellectually," says New York University Mathematician Sylvain Cappell, who as a Jewish immigrant feels a kinship with his Asian-American students. The two groups share a powerful belief in the value of hard work and a zealous regard for the role of the family.

**T**he term Asian American covers a variety of national, cultural and religious heritages. In only two decades Asian Americans have become the fastest-growing U.S. minority, numbering more than 5 million, or about 2% of the population; in 1960 the figures were 891,000 and 0.5%. Then in 1965 a new immigration law did away with exclusionary quotas. That brought a surge of largely middle-class Asian professionals—doctors, engineers and academics from Hong Kong, Taiwan, South Korea, India and the Philippines—seeking economic opportunity. In 1975, after the end of the Viet Nam War, 130,000 refugees, mostly from the educated middle class, began arriving. Three years later a second wave of 650,000 Indochinese started their journey from rural and poor areas to refugee camps to the towns and cities of America.

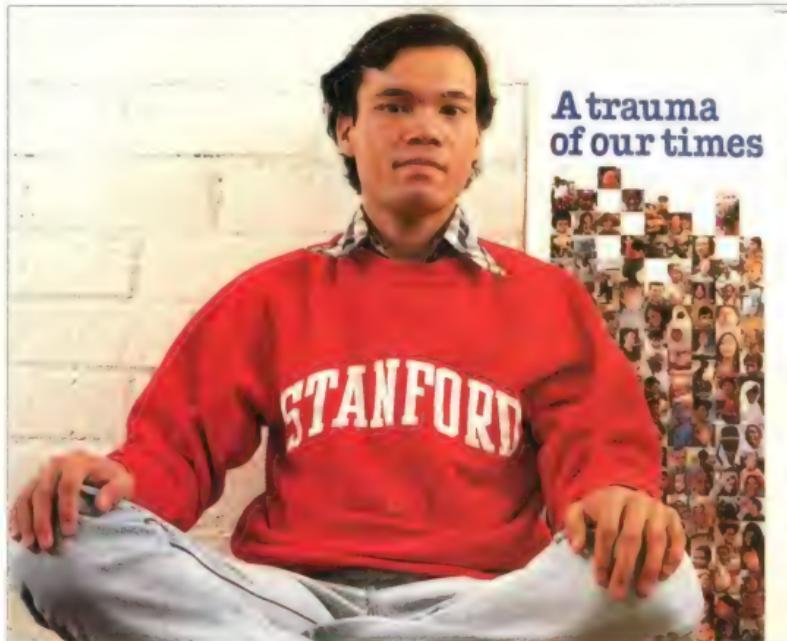
As the children of these immigrants began moving up through the nation's schools, it became clear that a new class of academic achievers was emerging. One dramatic indication: since 1981, 20 Asian-American students have been among the 70 scholarship winners in the Westinghouse Science Talent Search, the nation's oldest and most prestigious high school

science competition. One of this year's 40 finalists—out of 1,295 entrants—was Taiwan-born David Kuo, 17, of New York City. The name is a familiar one to the competition's organizers: David's brothers John and Mark were finalists in 1985 and 1986. "My parents always equated a good education with doing well in life, so we picked up on that," says David.

Such achievements are reflected in the nation's best universities, where math, science and engineering departments have taken on a decidedly Asian character. At the University of Washington, 20% of all engineering students are of Asian descent; at Berkeley the figure is 40%. To win these places, Asian-American students make the SAT seem as easy as taking a driving test. Indeed, 70% of Asian-American 18-year-olds took the SAT in 1985, in contrast to only 28% of all 18-year-olds. The average math score of Asian-American high school seniors that year was 518 (of a possible 800), 43 points higher than the general average.

This inclination for math and science is partly explained by the fact that Asian-American students who began their educations abroad arrived in the U.S. with a solid grounding in math but little or no knowledge of English. They are also influenced by the promise of a good job after college. "Asians feel there will be less discrimination in areas like math and science because they will be judged more objectively," says Shirley Hune, an education professor at Hunter College. And, she notes, the return on the investment in education "is more immediate in something like engineering than with a liberal arts degree."

The stereotype of Asian Americans as narrow mathematical paragons is unfair, however, and inaccurate. Many are far from being liberal arts illiterates, according to a study that will be published this fall by Sociologists Ruben G. Rumbaut and Kenji Ima of San Diego State University. They found that in overall grade-point averages, virtually every Asian-American group outscored the city's white high school juniors and seniors. Many Asian-American students excel in the arts, from photography to music. New York City's famed Juilliard School has a student body estimated to be 25% Asian and Asian American. Juilliard President Joseph Polisi rejects the view that Asian



## A trauma of our times

### SATIA TOR



As he talks about entering Stanford University next month as a freshman, Satia, 19, beams with optimism. But behind the smiles is the haunting memory of the horrors he witnessed during the ravaging of Cambodia by the Khmer Rouge in the 1970s. Today, when he recalls the killing fields, his eyes turn away in pain. "I wake up some mornings," he says, "and wonder if it was a dream or reality."

Satia was only seven when the Khmer Rouge took him away from his parents and twelve brothers and sisters. For the next 3½ years he was part of a migrant child-labor force. The children were starved and beaten; some were forced to shoot their own parents or were murdered themselves. After the Vietnamese invaded Cambodia in late 1978, Satia made his way through minefields to a refugee camp in Thailand, where he

was reunited with Sahieng, one of his sisters. When Sahieng and her husband immigrated to the U.S., Satia joined them. He went to Hawaii, where in 1984, he won a scholarship to the prestigious Iolani School; two years later he received another scholarship, to Phillips Academy, the prep school in Andover, Mass.

Until three years ago, he had assumed that his parents were dead. Then he received a letter from them, saying that the couple had reached the camp in Thailand. After exhaustive efforts, including letters to Senators, Satia managed to bring his parents to the U.S. This June the three were reunited at Satia's graduation in Andover.

His teachers say that bright, articulate Satia is marked for success. But the chilling memories of childhood cannot be erased. Once, in Hawaii, he won a contest with an essay about his experiences. Its title: "Cambodian Boys Can't Cry."



## THE AHN SISTERS



While other South Korean girls were playing with dolls, the Ahns were picking musical instruments. "It was like choosing a toy," says Maria. "Lucia always wanted to play the piano, and Angella wanted the violin. So I played the cello." Instead of jump rope, the three played Beethoven and Haydn trios. In 1981 their mother bundled up her daughters and headed for the U.S. "just for their education—just to study at Juilliard."

All three were admitted to the school's precollege division, and within 19 months Maria had performed with the Philadelphia Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic. Twin Sisters Lucia and Maria, who will turn 18 next week, are preparing to enter Juilliard's college program. Angella, 16, studies under Dorothy DeLay, who once taught Virtuoso Itzhak Perlman. The young violinist is pictured with Lucia at Colorado's Aspen Music Festival, where the two have been studying and performing this summer.

The girls' parents have built their lives around their daughters' musical educations. To help pay the bills, Mrs. Ahn operates a laundry business, and her husband runs a publishing company in South Korea, visiting the family's suburban New Jersey home twice a year. Says Maria of her desire to excel as a cellist: "I feel I have to do well because my parents are devoting their whole lives to me and my sisters."

students are uniquely talented. "It's not just being Asian that makes them good musicians," he says. "It's a matter of dedication, family support and discipline."

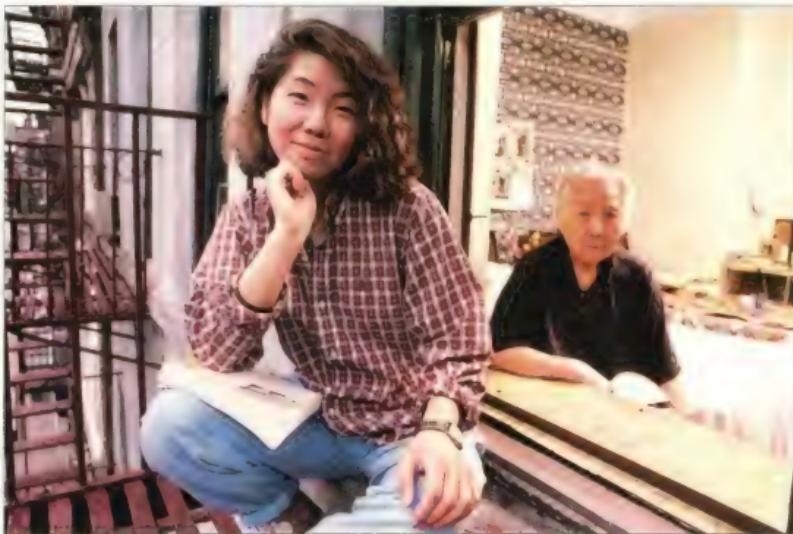
Successful Asian-American students commonly credit the influence of parents who are determined that their children take full advantage of what the American educational system has to offer. For many parents, personal sacrifice is involved. Daniel Pak, an 18-year-old from Dallas entering Harvard next month, shines in everything he does, from math to violin. His brother, Tony, 20, is studying physics at M.I.T. Their parents had such colleges in mind when they moved to the U.S. in 1970. The boys' father gave up his career as a professor of German literature in South Korea. Unable to get an academic position in the U.S., he eventually found work as a house painter.

**A** telling measure of parental attention is homework. A 1984 study of San Francisco-area schools by Stanford Sociologist Sanford Dornbusch found that Asian-American students put in an average of eleven hours a week, compared with seven hours by other students. Westinghouse Prizewinner John Kuo recalls that in Taiwan he was accustomed to studying two or three hours a night. "Here we had half an hour at the most." To make up the difference, John and his two brothers were often given extra assignments at home. "Asian parents spend much more time with their children than American parents do, and it helps," says his brother David.

Some Asian Americans may be pushing their children too hard. Says a Chinese-American high schooler in New York City: "When you get an 80, they say, 'Why not an 85?' If you get an 85, it's 'Why not a 90?'" Many Asian-American parents even dictate their children's college courses, with an eye to a desirable future. New York City Youth Counselor Amy Lee, 26, remembers that when she changed her field from premed to psychology, her parents were upset, but pressed her at least to get a Ph.D. "They wanted a doctor in the family, and they didn't care what kind it was."

Many Asian Americans come from an educated elite in their native countries. Their children seem to do especially well. Julian Stanley, a Johns Hopkins psychology professor, studied 292 preteen high scorers on the math portion of the SAT, nearly a quarter of them Asian Americans. He found that 71% of the Asian-Americans' fathers and 21% of their mothers had a doctorate or a medical degree, vs. 39% of the fathers and 10% of the mothers of the non-Asians.

How then to explain the accomplishment of children whose refugee parents were less well educated? One claim is that Asians are simply smarter than other groups. A subscriber to this theory is Arthur Jensen, a controversial Berkeley educational psychologist. Jensen tested Asian children—500 in San Francisco and 8,000 in Hong Kong—then compared the re-



## ANGIE TANG



Peggy were illegal immigrants from Hong Kong living in a tiny two-room apartment on the fourth floor of a decrepit building on the fringe of Manhattan's Chinatown. Angie, who was smuggled across the Canadian border by relatives in 1981, began pouring her energies into schoolwork. Soon the local Chinese papers wanted to write about her achievements at Sun Yat Sen Intermediate School, but her mother, worried about deportation, warned her not to tell reporters too much. When Angie won a scholarship to Phillips

Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, she told school officials that her alien-registration card had been lost.

Last year Angie and her sister came out of "hiding" when they returned to Hong Kong to collect their U.S. residence visas. Now the 18-year-old, seen saying goodbye to her boyfriend's great-grandmother, is about to enter Princeton on a scholarship to study modern languages. "I'm an example not just of an Asian student," Angie insists, "but of a conscientious student." Drawn to politics, she hopes "to help the Chinatown community become educated in what government is all about."

sults with tests of 1,000 white American children in Bakersfield, Calif. He contends that the children with Asian backgrounds averaged ten I.Q. points higher than the whites, and believes there are "genetic differences" in the rate at which Asians and whites mature mentally.

Most researchers are unconvinced by the natural-superiority argument. But many do believe there is something in Asian culture that breeds success, perhaps Confucian ideals that stress family values and emphasize education. Sociologist William Liu, of the University of Illinois

at Chicago, argues that immigrants from Asian countries with the strongest Confucian influence—Japan, Korea, China and Viet Nam—perform best. "The Confucian ethic," he says, "drives people to work, excel and repay the debt they owe their parents." By comparison, San Diego's Rumbaut points out, Laotians and Cambodians, who do somewhat less well, have a gentler, Buddhist approach to life.

Both the genetic and the cultural explanations for academic success worry Asian Americans because of fears that they feed racial stereotyping. Many can

remember when Chinese, Japanese and Filipino immigrants were the victims of undisguised public ostracism and discriminatory laws. Indeed, it was not until 1952 that legislation giving all Asian immigrants the right to citizenship was enacted. "Years ago," complains Virginia Kee, a high school teacher in New York's Chinatown, "they used to think you were Fu Manchu or Charlie Chan. Then they thought you must own a laundry or restaurant. Now they think all we know how to do is sit in front of a computer." Says Thomas Law, a student at Brooklyn Law



HOANG NHU TRAN



When he arrived in the U.S. at the age of nine, his view of school was "as a place to get to the playground to meet kids." But Hoang's parents had other ideas. They began their new life in a trailer park in Fort Collins, Colo. Then the family bought a house near the area's best junior high school, just as Hoang was entering seventh grade. Their next house was near the best high school. "My parents said you need an education to move up in any society," says Hoang. "The time you spend now will pay off later." And it has.

Second Lieut. Tran, 22, seen above at his parents' current home in Rohnert Park, Calif., was class valedictorian this spring at the U.S. Air Force Academy. A Rhodes scholar about to enroll at Oxford, he wants to attend Harvard Medical School and become an Air Force surgeon. Hoang was inspired and shaped by his father Tang Nhu Tran, a South Vietnamese army major before he escaped with his family in a leaky boat as Saigon fell. "You have to bend the bamboo when it is young," says the proud father.

School: "We're sick and tired of being seen as the exotic Orientals."

He and other young Asian Americans are also exasperated with being seen as "grade grinds" who do nothing but study. Asks an indignant Henry Der, who heads Chinese for Affirmative Action: "Is anyone telling black and Hispanic kids to engage in extracurricular activities? No, they are being told to study." Moreover, a 1984 study by Samuel Peng, of the Department of Education, showed that Asian Americans actually do participate in a broad range of extracurricular activities, much as other U.S. students do. Nearly a third of the Asian Americans he studied competed on varsity athletic

teams, and more than 20% were active in student government. Still, the image of Asian Americans as relentless bookworms persists. "If you are weak in math or science and find yourself assigned to a class with a majority of Asian kids, the only thing to do is transfer to a different section," says a white Yale sophomore.

The performance of Asian Americans also triggers resentment and tension. "Anti-Asian activity in the form of violence, vandalism, harassment and intimidation continues to occur across the nation," the U.S. Civil Rights Commission declared last year. The situation can be particularly rough in inner-city schools. Young immigrant Asians complain that they are called

"Chink" or "Chop Suey" and are constantly threatened. At New York City's Washington Irving High School, for example, there were reports last year of some 40 incidents of harassment and violence against Asian-American students.

To Asian-American activists, one of the most serious signs of discrimination is the admissions quotas they believe leading universities have established. "If you are an Asian-American student applying to Harvard, you have the lowest chance of getting in," says Peter Kiang, who teaches Asian-American studies at the University of Massachusetts, Boston. John Bunzel, a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, a conservative think tank at Stanford, Harvard, Princeton and Brown discriminate against Asian Americans in their admissions policy.

For this fall's freshman class, Harvard's figures show it accepted 15% of the overall pool of 14,144 applicants, but only 12% of the Asian-American pool of 2,482. After a review of their admissions policies, Harvard and Princeton conceded that Asian-American applicants were accepted at lower rates than whites and other groups, but only because so many of them do not fall into two preferred categories: varsity athletes and children of alumni. Brown also concedes that it accepts a lower percentage of Asian-American candidates and explains that too many of these students have middle-class backgrounds, and that more than half expressed an interest in medicine. The college turns away a disproportionate number of them to enhance socioeconomic and academic diversity. Stanford, whose new freshman class will be 16% Asian-American, has acknowledged the possibility of an "unconscious bias" and no longer seeks ethnic identification on admissions forms.

The quota problem is not confined to colleges. At San Francisco's ultracompetitive Lowell High, Chinese Americans constitute 45% of the student body. But no city school may have more than 45% of its students from any ethnic group, a rule originally set by the courts to prevent de facto segregation of blacks and Hispanics. As a result, Lowell is having to turn away qualified Chinese-American students, a task that School Principal Alan Fibish describes as "odious."

Nowhere has the issue of Asian-American student admission been more bitterly fought than at Berkeley. Activist groups charge that if acceptances were based purely on merit, there would be even more Asian-American students than the 5,610 who now make up a quarter of the 22,000 undergraduates. Alameda County Superior Court Judge Ken M. Kawachi, co-chairman of the Asian American Task Force on University Admissions, assails Berkeley's "good old boy" administrators. "The campus they envision is mostly white, mostly upper middle class with limited numbers of blacks, Hispanics and Asians," says Kawachi. "One day they looked around and said, 'My goodness, look at this cam-



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# LIZ



# SMITH



Dr. Tom Rees  
He's a medical expert at saving faces

MY NBC-TV COLLEAGUE Betty Furness and I share a high mutual regard for our friend Dr. Tom Rees. When Betty celebrated her 50th year in show business, this gracious and good-looking woman introduced Tom in the lobby of the Pierre Hotel and gave him credit for having helped her to continue in a demanding business where *how* you look is frequently a criterion for whether or not you work.

Years ago, Dr. Rees improved my own lot after I had been in an auto accident that required over 100 stitches

in my face. He urged that a tiny silicone chin implant would help correct my smashed jaw. I protested I didn't want "a foreign object" under my skin, but Dr. Rees was right. And afterward, I never even knew it was there until I saw it in an X-ray.

Dr. Rees has done other good things for me through the years and not only do I admire his reputation (he wrote the two-volume authoritative textbook "Cosmetic Facial Surgery"), but I admire him personally. He gives his spare time to working for free for Fly-

ing Doctors of South Africa.

Now, Tom Rees has written a book titled "More Than Just a Pretty Face: How Cosmetic Surgery Can Improve Your Looks and Your Life." I recommend this tome from Little, Brown to anybody contemplating, wishing or "window shopping" in the field. There is so much misinformation floating around about plastic surgery, some of it downright dangerous. But you can read Rees and know you are in on the authentic lowdown.

★★★

Some people are born beautiful.  
This book is for the rest of us.

# More Than Just A Pretty Face

How Cosmetic  
Surgery Can  
Improve Your  
Looks and  
Your Life

Thomas D. Rees, M.D.  
with Sylvia Simmons



pus. What are all these Asian people doing here?" Then they started tinkering with the system." The university admits its Asian-American acceptance rate dipped three years ago, after some technical changes in admission procedures, but denies discrimination and says the rate is going back up.

The recent case of Yat-Pang Au has intensified the debate. A straight-A student, Yat-Pang, 18, lettered in cross-country, was elected a justice on the school supreme court and last June graduated first in his class at San Jose's Gunderson High School. Berkeley turned him down. Watson M. Laetsch, Berkeley's vice chancellor for undergraduate affairs, insists that Yat-Pang was rejected only for a "highly competitive" engineering program. Had he applied to other colleges at Berkeley, "very likely he would have been accepted." Instead, Yat-Pang will study electrical engineering at DeAnza College near his home, and hopes to reapply to Berkeley for his junior year.

One vexing dilemma of the Yat-Pang case is not in dispute: Young Asian Americans tend to target the best schools, which have limited places even for students submitting top marks. While choosing this fall's freshman class, for example, Berkeley turned away 2,200 students from all backgrounds who had perfect grades.

**T**o be that good and face rejection is tough for anyone, but seems more difficult for many Asian Americans. "They have almost a maniacal attitude that if they just work hard enough, they can do it," says Counselor Ilse Junod of New York's Baruch College. To some Asian Americans (and their parents), being only "very good" is tantamount to failure. In 1982, Leakhena Chan, a Cambodian student at South Boston High School, overwhelmed by the pressure of school and adjustment to a new country, tried to take her own life. She was one of eight Cambodians at South Boston who attempted suicide that year. Now a student at Lesley College in Cambridge, Mass., Leakhena can talk openly about the desperation that overcomes many Asian Americans who feel they cannot attain the academic success they expect of themselves. "I go to bed at 1 or 2 and get up early to study. You study so hard and still you don't have enough time to complete all the work. For me, whatever I do, I want to be perfect."

For Cambodians, in particular, stress also results from terrible memories of killing, torture and starvation as the Khmer Rouge savaged their country. The nightmare of those years, says Psychologist Jeanne Nidorf of the University of California at San Diego, produces a "posttraumatic stress disorder that just doesn't go away."

Asking for help is not easy for Asian Americans. "They are likely to say that willpower can resolve problems," explains Psychologist Stanley Sue, who has specialized in their emotional difficulties. He has found that the problems of these young people "are highly submerged" because they have been "taught not to exhibit emotions in public." Nidorf notes



MICHAEL RENDOR DE GUZMAN



This earnest, chubby mathematician—maker of model airplanes, summer-camp counselor and sci-fi fan—seldom pauses long enough to get a trim from his hairdresser mother Rita. "I'm not a typical fat person," explains Michael, 14. "I'm a fat person who joins things." With a vengeance, Dining-room shelves are crowded with trophies: citizenship award, math-team award, speech-contest winner, bilingual-education award, spelling-bee district runner-up. Plus he plays baseball and is trying to teach himself golf.

Michael came to the U.S. with his parents and two younger brothers in 1983; they were among nearly 683,000 Filipinos who arrived between 1961 and 1985. This fall he starts at Chicago's highly competitive Lane Technical High School, bringing with him dreams of going to the Naval Academy at Annapolis and ultimately of becoming an engineer. Says he: "I have this motivation to do really well in class." Which is why, on top of his other activities, he puts in five hours a day on homework.

that youthful Indochinese are so conditioned to polite behavior that they hesitate to complain. She recalls the case of a Cambodian girl who was given the wrong textbook but said nothing. Because she was afraid to tell the teacher about the error, she suffered for months as she tried to keep up with the class. Indeed, the view of Asian Americans as passive and obedient is a stereotype that teachers tend to reinforce by not urging students to express themselves, says Hunter College's Hune.

To these problems must be added the strain of being poor. In California, at least 50% of Indochinese immigrants are on welfare, and according to the 1980 U.S. census, more than 35% of Vietnamese

families in the U.S. are living below the poverty line. One of the toughest jobs facing educators is keeping many of these young people in school. "For every success story," says Hune, "there are also a lot of average students and an increasing number of dropouts." The Boston school system knows that only too well: with an increased number of Southeast Asian teenagers, the dropout rate went up from 14.4% in 1982 to 26.5% in 1985.

Ultimately, assimilation may diminish achievement. The Rumbaut-Ima data from San Diego show lower grade-point averages for Chinese-, Korean- and Japanese-American students whose families speak primarily English at home com-

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## CHAU PHAM



The journey has been a long one, and the worst part came first.

Several harrowing days were spent at sea in an overcrowded fishing boat when Chau, her mother, brother, aunt and uncle escaped from Viet Nam in 1980. Finally the family reached Indonesia, then a refugee camp in Singapore and, later that year, the U.S. When Chau arrived in New Orleans she could say "hello" in English but little else. Two months ago she was graduated as valedictorian of Abramson High School. This week, backed by multiple scholarships, Chau, 17, begins premed studies at Vanderbilt University. "The worst failure is not try-

ing," she says. "If you try but don't succeed, that's learning."

Chau, her parents and her brother live in the Vietnamese neighborhood in New Orleans' eastern end. Much of her close family's life revolves around the local Roman Catholic church, where Chau plays the organ. She enjoys chess games with her father and does not plan to date until she is 21, because, she says, her parents want it that way. Chau recalls the time when the family was so poor that her mother had to wash the same clothes every day. Now, she says, "it's up to me and my brother to fulfill their dreams. It's like an obsession to please them."

pared with those whose families do not. The New York Times has reported that a Chicago study of Asian Americans found third-generation students had blended more into the mainstream, had lower academic performance and were less interested in school.

To some Asian Americans, that is not such a bad thing. Hung Pham, 31, a Vietnamese refugee who attended UCLA, now works as a software engineer. He and his wife have just bought a home near Los Angeles and are talking about having a family. But he worries about the life his children will face. "Too much peer pressure. There are too many material things to distract them," he says. Then he pauses. "If you live in this country, maybe that's the way it should be. If I raised my kids the way my parents raised me, they would be nerds."

If assimilation and other trends mean that the dramatic concentration of super-students has peaked, talented young Asian Americans have already shown that U.S. education can still produce excellence. The largely successful Asian-American experience is a challenging counterpoint to the charges that U.S. schools are now producing less-educated mainstream students and failing to help underclass blacks and Hispanics. One old lesson apparently still holds: "It really doesn't matter where you come from or what your language is," observes Educational Historian Diane Ravitch. "If you arrive with high aspirations and self-discipline, schools are a path to upward mobility." Particularly when there is a close working relationship between the school and the family. "Schools cannot do

the job alone," says Ernest Boyer, president of the Carnegie Foundation. "But schools must work much harder for all parents to be partners in the process."

As for those who fear or resent Asian-American academic accomplishment, their anxieties may be understandable but are unmerited. "It seems to me that having people like this renews our own striving for excellence," observes Emmy Werner, professor of human development at the University of California at Davis. "We shouldn't be threatened, but challenged." Mathematician Cappell, part of a Jewish immigrant success story, is thrilled by the new inheritors. "Their presence," he says, "is going to be a great blessing for society."

Reported by Jennifer Hall and Jeannie Park/  
New York and James Willwerth/Los Angeles

# Computers

## Dreaming the Impossible at M.I.T.

*In the Media Lab, the goal is to put the audience in control*

**W**hat if television sets were equipped with knobs that let viewers customize the shows they watch? If they could adjust the sex content, for example, or regulate the violence, or shift the political orientation to the left or right? What if motion pictures were able to monitor the attention level of audiences and modify their content accordingly, lengthening some scenes while cutting others short if they evoke yawns? What if the newspapers that reach subscribers' homes every morning could be edited with each particular reader in mind—filled with stories selected because they affected his neighborhood, or had an impact on his personal business interests, or

sponsors, he has filled his \$45 million facility with a group of 120 gifted researchers that includes some of the brightest and quirkiest minds in computer science Marvin Minsky, dean of artificial-intelligence research; Seymour Papert, disciple of Child Psychologist Jean Piaget and a leading advocate of computerized education; Alan Kay, one of the most influential designers of personal computers.

Some of the projects are still in the visionary stage, but several investigative teams have come up with working products and prototypes. In many cases, research relating to electronic media has led to spin-offs that could have wide applications for both individuals and

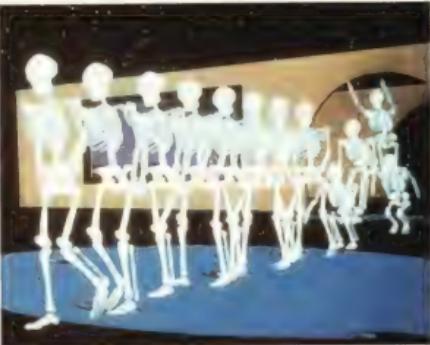
businesses. Consider the following:

► The lab's Conversational Desktop is a voice-controlled computer system that acts like an automatic receptionist, personal secretary and travel agent—screening calls, taking messages, making airline reservations. "Get me two seats to the Bahamas," says Research Scientist Chris Schmandt to his computer. "When do you want to go?" replies the machine.

► NewsPeek is a selective electronic newspaper made of material culled daily from news services and television broadcasts. By sliding their fingers across the screen of a computer terminal, viewers can ask to see lengthier versions of particular stories, roll selected videotapes or call up related articles. The computer remembers what it has been asked to show and the next day tailors its news gathering to search for similar stories. Says Associate Director Andrew Lippman: "It's a newspaper that grows to know you."



Synthetic accompanist: responding to the slightest change in tempo



Automated actor: trying out a scene without hiring a cast

mentioned his friends and associates?

There are a lot of "what ifs," but none of these is mere futuristic fantasy. All of them, in fact, are the goals of research projects now under way at the Media Laboratory, a dazzling new academic facility at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The lab's unique mission is to transform today's passive mass media, particularly TV, into flexible technologies that can respond to individual tastes. Because of advances in computers, says Nicholas Negroponte, 43, the co-founder and director, "all media are poised for redefinition. Our purpose is to enhance the quality of life in an electronic age."

Two years ago, when the lab first opened its doors in Cambridge, Mass., the announced intention of "inventing the future" seemed like an impossibly vague undertaking. But Negroponte has made believers of much of the corporate and academic establishment. Bankrolled by more than 100 business and government



Talking head: next best thing to being there  
Creating TV that may be too seductive

► The lab has developed the world's first computer-generated freestanding hologram—a three-dimensional image of a green Camaro sedan suspended in midair. Unlike most holographic images, which are put onto flat photographic plates, the Camaro is recorded on a concave plate and projected into the air by laser beams. The hologram was designed with funding from General Motors, which still painstakingly builds scale models of new car designs out of clay. In the future, GM and other automakers may be able to use holograms to see what a car will look like before it is actually manufactured. Eventually, such images may be made by laser-age copying machines for a few dollars apiece.

► In the field of fine arts, the world-class music research center in the lab has already produced the Synthetic Performer, a computerized piano-playing accompanist. The system not only plays along with soloists but also adapts to changes in their

tempo and cadence without losing a beat. The project is part of an ongoing effort to explore the mysteries of harmony and composition by teaching music appreciation to computers.

Negroponte began raising funds for the Media Lab in 1980 with the help of Jerome Wiesner, former M.I.T. president. The two men sought out publishers, broadcasters and electronics manufacturers whose businesses were being transformed by the advent of VCRs, cable television and personal computers. Then they hinted broadly that the faculty at M.I.T. knew precisely where all this was headed. Money came in from such leading sponsors as IBM, CBS, Warner Communications, 20th Century Fox, Mitsubishi, Time Inc. and the Washington Post. Sponsors can send scientists and other observers to the Media Lab and make commercial use of any of the facility's research. Though many of the projects may never yield commercial or educational applications, only one company, Toshiba, has failed to renew its funding.

Visitors to the lab, a sleek four-story maze of gadget-filled work areas, are assaulted by strange sights. In a 64-ft.-high atrium, 7-ft.-long computer-controlled blimps may be flying overhead—part of a project to develop stimulating science activities for elementary and high schools. In another area visitors encounter computers that can read lips. After spending three months at M.I.T. last year, Stewart Brand, the counterculture guru who originated the *Whole Earth Catalog*, was impressed enough to write a flattering book titled *The Media Lab*, which will be published next month by Viking Press.

**B**ut the lab's high-tech razzle-dazzle masks plenty of serious business. Investigators are experimenting with new forms of teleconferencing. One idea involved projecting video images of individuals onto plaster casts of their faces. The resulting "talking heads" were so lifelike that people using the system felt they were "meeting" with colleagues who were actually in another city. A major effort is also being made to enhance computer animation. Assistant Professor David Zeltzer, building on research he started at Ohio State, is developing new ways of simulating human figures and movement. One application would allow playwrights to see just how scenes would look without having to hire live actors to try them out.

Within the Media Lab there is a lurking fear that the research might prove too successful. Some of the scientists, who point to TV's mesmerizing impact, worry about creating new media so powerfully seductive that they might keep many viewers from venturing into the real world. Minsky, for one, has given that a lot of thought. "Imagine what it would be like if TV actually were good," he told Brand. "It would be the end of everything we know." Yet he and his groundbreaking colleagues seem more than willing to take that risk.

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt.

Reported by Robert Buderi/Cambridge

## Religion

### Special Delivery from the Pope

An affecting letter eases strains between Jews and the Vatican

**D**ismay and anger were the reactions of American Jews last June when Pope John Paul II welcomed Kurt Waldheim at the Vatican, despite accusations that the Austrian President had been involved in Nazi war crimes. The resulting controversy threatened to sour John Paul's nine-city trip to the U.S., which begins on Sept. 10. Jewish leaders in Los Angeles announced that they might boycott the Pope's scheduled interfaith celebrations.



John Paul prays at Auschwitz, 1979

A more important Miami meeting between John Paul and American-Jewish leaders, intended to enhance relations, seemed doomed.

But the tension level dropped considerably last week following publication of a remarkable papal letter that was as affectingly written as it was astutely timed. The subject: the "terrible experience" of the Holocaust and its lessons for Christians. The three-page missive was addressed to Archbishop John L. May of St. Louis, president of the U.S. conference of Roman Catholic bishops, thanking May for sending him a newly published collection of the Pontiff's statements on Jews and Judaism. While the letter was ostensibly routine, its language was heartfelt. "Christians approach with fearsome respect the terrifying experience of the extermination. The *Shoah*, suffered by the Jews during the Second World War," wrote the Pope, "and we seek to grasp its most authentic . . . meaning." He went on, "Before the vivid memory of the extermination . . . it is not permissible for anyone to pass by with indifference."

John Paul's statement, which makes no reference to the Waldheim audience, was a long-contemplated synthesis of his views on the Holocaust, said a Vatican official, "not a consequence of the Waldheim meeting." But it followed a July session in New York City between Vatican Secretary of State Agostino Cardinal Casaroli and representatives of American-Jewish organizations: they pressed for a statement as well as a meeting with John Paul before his visit to the U.S. That meeting is now set for next Tuesday with five or six Jewish leaders at the papal summer residence.

The Pope's gesture seems to have cleared up concern about the atmosphere that would prevail there. "It was a thoughtful letter, one charged with emotion," said Theodore Ellenoff, president of the American Jewish Committee. Participants in next week's papal exchanges were also pleased. The Pontiff has asked for 90 minutes of open, frank dialogue on Catholic-Jewish relations, without set speeches. "We were told the Pope wanted a man-to-man, heart-to-heart discussion," said Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum of the American Jewish Committee. "We took it as a sign of good faith."

"It is a good beginning," said Nobel Laureate Elie Wiesel, retaining some reservations. "Up to now, perhaps, Jews did not play an important role in the Pope's vision of the world." In fact, John Paul has made a number of significant overtures to Jews. His 1979 journey to Auschwitz was the first by a Pontiff to a concentration camp. His visit last year to a Rome synagogue made him the first known Pope to enter a Jewish house of worship since St. Peter. But last May he beatified a nun, Edith Stein, a convert from Judaism, as a heroic Christian martyr. Jews had protested that Stein was gassed at Auschwitz not for her faith but for her ancestry. John Paul has also defended the actions of the German bishops under the Nazis, despite accusations that some were less than aggressive in their opposition to Hitler.

Some Jewish leaders would like the Pope to declare more explicitly that he understands why Jews were offended by his meeting with Waldheim. Nonetheless, few doubted that relations between the Vatican and Judaism were getting back on the right track. "Skeptics abound on both sides," says Rabbi Alan Mittleman, who recently published a study of John Paul's attitudes toward Jews. "But realists know that there is genuine improvement under way."

—By Richard Lacayo.

Reported by Cathy Booth/Rome and Wayne Svoboda/New York



Dr. Michael Longaker begins a long day with a meeting to discuss the condition of patients



He spends four hours in bypass surgery, steals ten minutes for lunch and returns to the O.R.

## Medicine

# Re-Examining the 36-Hour Day

New York State leads a movement to change the way U.S. doctors are trained

**T**he hours are endless. The pay is paltry. The tasks are often menial, the responsibilities terrifying. And for this, one must spend four years slaving in medical school and acquiring a debt that averages more than \$30,000. For decades, doctors have argued the merits of medical residency—the grueling and sleepless years of specialty training that constitute a rite of passage into American medical practice. Senior physicians defend the traditional residency as a necessary part of the toughening-up process for professionals who must deal with emergencies and late-night awakenings throughout their careers. Young residents complain that it is cruel and unusual punishment that destroys any semblance of a normal, private life and their enthusiasm for medicine. Meanwhile, in an era in which medicine has become increasingly technical and exacting, patients are alarmed that so many hospitals depend on a weary cadre of on-the-job trainees. Who wants to put his life in the hands of a novice who has been on duty for 36 consecutive hours?

In New York State, which trains 14% of the nation's doctors, the debate over how doctors are trained has exploded into action. Troubled by a rash of malpractice cases that, he says, "seem to have been related to fatigue and lack of supervision," Health Commissioner David Axelrod appointed a blue-ribbon committee of New York doctors to investigate. Axelrod had been particularly upset by the case of Libby Zion, an 18-year-old Manhattanite who died while undergoing treatment for a high fever at New York Hospital in 1984; a grand jury attributed her death to neglectful treatment by tired and under-supervised young residents.

In June, Axelrod's committee issued a report recommending improved supervision of residents and strict limits on how many hours they can work at a stretch. Residents, urged the committee, should work no more than 16 consecutive hours in ordinary, inpatient care, and no more than twelve hours in the emergency room. In today's high-tech environment, said Axelrod, "the opportunity to do good as well as to do harm is increasing. I don't know that someone who is semisomnolent can make the judgments required."

These proposals, and a similar reform effort expected to come before the California legislature next year, have doctors and hospital administrators around the country up in arms. Changing the hours and responsibilities of residents would not only alter the way doctors are trained, it would also wreak havoc with the staffing of teaching hospitals, which depend on the cheap labor of residents, who typically earn about \$24,000 a year.

Last week, the Greater New York Hospital Association, which represents nonprofit hospitals in and around New York City, responded to the Axelrod initiative with its own study. While supporting the "overall intent" of the proposed reforms, G.N.Y.H.A. raised a number of problems. Limiting the hours worked by residents could create massive staffing shortages at teaching hospitals, warned the report. In addition, the cost of transferring responsibility from low-paid residents to high-salaried senior staff and implementing other reforms would be staggering: at least \$200 million a year for G.N.Y.H.A.'s 70 member hospitals. The report also warned of introducing a "shift mentality" to medicine. This notion, it

said, "is generally inconsistent with the delivery of high-quality patient care."

The debate in New York reflects the difficulties of changing a system that traces its roots in the U.S. to the late 1880s. Yet there is little doubt as to the need for reform. Even the American Medical Association, though adamantly opposed to state interference in medical training, acknowledges that the pressures on young doctors are now too heavy. "The A.M.A. is extremely concerned about stress and overfatigue in residency," says Dr. William Jacott, chairman of the A.M.A. Council on Medical Education. "We realize that stress is a critical part of the educational program, but we want it better under control."

Doctors generally agree that the pressures are most extreme and the hours most draining during a resident's first year, traditionally known as the internship. A typical schedule: at least five days a week, a minimum of 16 hours a day, plus being "on call" in the hospital every third night. In large big-city hospitals, those nights on call often mean 36 hours without a wink of sleep. During that crucial first year, "I was tired enough that I nodded off at the surgery table," admits Michael Longaker, who is still putting in 18-hour days as a third-year resident in cardiology at the University of California San Francisco Medical Center. During his entire year as an intern, he says, "I don't remember too many nights when I got more than three or four hours' sleep."

Chronic exhaustion coupled with enormous responsibility takes a terrible toll. While working as a resident in New York City hospitals, Joseph Sachter watched his peers literally crumple to the



Between 5 p.m. and 8 p.m., the third-year resident makes rounds to check up on his patients



After a quick, solitary dinner in the cafeteria, a weary Longaker updates his patients' charts

floor. On one occasion, he reports, a resident, on duty for nearly 24 hours, had just enough stamina to oversee safely the birth of a baby at 4 a.m. "Then he walked out of the delivery room and collapsed." The early-morning hours toward the end of a shift constitute "danger zone" for patients, says Sachtler. "When it's 5 a.m. and the case doesn't appear to be life threatening, the next thing you want to know is, Can this wait until 7 a.m.? because that's when the next resident comes in."

The emotional wear and tear for interns and residents can be worse than the physical demands: they have virtually no time for family, friends, doing household errands. Studies have shown that as many as 30% of residents become severely depressed. Other surveys indicate high rates of divorce, suicide, drug abuse and alcoholism. "People deteriorate," says Reggie Baugh, who has just finished his residency in Michigan. "Your goal is to survive the day." When a colleague attempted suicide, Baugh thought to himself, "Five more minutes and I could have been there too."

Many physicians insist, however, that the long hours of residency are a critical part of medical education. "Illness knows no shift," says Dr. Robert Petersdorf, president of the Association of American Medical Colleges. Such ailments as diabetic coma or toxic shock, he notes, can progress over 36 hours. "You have to follow the history of the particular illness." Others point out that if shifts are significantly shortened, medical residencies might have to be lengthened to ensure that trainees get enough experience. With residencies already lasting from three years for internal medicine to seven years for neurosurgery, few young doctors would warm to that prospect.

As with other boot-camp graduates, many doctors feel, If I went through it, so can you. Some of the resistance to changing medical residencies reflects this macho sentiment. Established physicians remember their years of training as dra-

matic and character building. The fact is, however, that the typical experience of a medical resident has changed over the decades. Thirty years ago, physicians had less information to master and fewer tools at their disposal. Nights on call tended to be less punishing, if not enjoyable. New York Obstetrician Selig Neubardt, 61, remembers playing his guitar to while away his hours on call in the 1950s. He allows that his son Seth, a resident at Montefiore Medical Center in the Bronx, "works harder than I ever did."

**W**hat has changed is not only the intensity of the training but the work itself. Today's trainees spend far more time dealing with administrative detail, owing in part to the omnipresent fear of malpractice suits. "You spend a lot of time doing paperwork because of the so-called medical-legal environment," says Lora Wiggins, an intern at Winthrop University Hospital in Mineola, Long Island. "You're exhausted, and you are dealing with two kinds of criteria for how you act." To add to the burdens, today's hospital patients tend, as a group, to be more sick than ever before. Technology has enabled extremely ill patients to linger on the brink of death for days at a time. And changes in Medicare reimbursement rules have led

hospitals to release patients earlier than they used to, so that almost every bed is occupied by a very sick person.

Not all American hospitals have been indifferent to these changes and the increasing stress they place on residents. Some have instituted "night floats," fresh teams of doctors who arrive at 10 p.m. to ease the burden of those on all-night call. Others, such as Baystate Medical Center in Springfield, Mass., have established support groups for house staff to help them cope with emotional difficulties. In some cases, fear of malpractice suits has served as incentive for medical centers to limit the hours that residents spend in the emergency room or in such specialty services as anesthesiology, where the slightest error can be fatal.

In some institutions, residents have taken the initiative by forming unions to lobby for better hours. At Chicago's Cook County Hospital, for instance, the house-staff officers association managed to have call schedules reduced from every third night to every four nights.

But changes have been slow in coming, and resistance is great. The A.M.A. has recently launched a comprehensive study of stress in residency. This December it will issue a report on the subject, making recommendations that could influence the Accreditation Council for Graduate Medical Education, the body that approves residency programs. "This is hopefully the start of a new generation of training," says Dr. Patricia Kolowich, former vice chairman of the A.M.A.'s resident-physician section.

The A.M.A. argues that only the medical profession can intelligently guide the training of its own members. But in New York, Axelrod is pushing for implementation of his proposed changes by next July. Thus the medical profession in its reluctance to heal itself may be forced to swallow the bitter pill of imposed reform. — *By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Cheryl Crooks/Los Angeles and Jennifer Hall/New York*



Exhaustion hits. Longaker will sleep less than four hours in a lounge and begin again at 6 a.m.

## "You First"

### Testing an AIDS vaccine

**A**ny new drug or vaccine must undergo years of laboratory analysis in test tubes and animals before it ever reaches the public. But there always comes a point when people have to serve as guinea pigs. Last week officials at the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases in Bethesda, Md., announced that the first U.S.-approved human tests of a potential AIDS vaccine would begin this fall. The preparation, developed by MicroGenesys of West Haven, Conn., consists of the outer shell protein of the AIDS virus, which researchers hope will stimulate the body into producing an immune response against the intact invader. Says NIAID Director Anthony Fauci: "This is the first step in what will be a long process toward developing a vaccine to prevent AIDS."

The experimental injection departs from traditional vaccines, which are made from weakened or killed viruses. Reason: the AIDS virus is so dangerous, scientists fear that once inside the body, even a killed version could revive itself and prove deadly. Thus the MicroGenesys product, called VaxSyn, and most other AIDS vaccines under development depend on using only parts of the virus in the hope that these bits and pieces will spark enough immune protection.

In October doctors will administer VaxSyn to 60 homosexual men from the Washington area. To qualify, volunteers must be free from AIDS virus infection and agree to use "safe sex" practices. After counseling, they must also sign a three-page consent form explaining the risks of participation and pass a quiz to confirm that they understand the experiment.

The greatest danger faced by volunteers is anaphylactic shock, a sometimes fatal but rare overreaction of the immune system to a foreign substance. A more probable response, says Fauci, will be redness and soreness at the site of the injection, and perhaps a fever. Although no one can get AIDS from the vaccine, recipients who respond to the inoculation may come up positive on the AIDS antibody-screening test. Other tests, however, will show that they are not really infected by the virus. Another potential drawback: the injection could impair the response to a future, more powerful vaccine. Still, NIAID has found many willing applicants, evidently motivated by a sense of responsibility to help end the epidemic.

The main goal of the first six-month trial will be to assess the vaccine's safety. If all goes well, scientists will eventually try to determine its efficacy in preventing infection by administering it to large groups of people at high risk of developing AIDS. The answer is hardly around the corner. Says Fauci: "It will be a considerable time, probably the mid-1990s, before any vaccine, including this one, will be ready for general use." ■



Still grounded: shuttle orbiter Columbia idles in storage at Kennedy Space Center

## Space

### Getting NASA Back on Track

*Astronaut Sally Ride proposes a return to the moon*

**W**hen the shuttle Challenger exploded off Florida 19 months ago, U.S. space policy also went up in smoke. A series of unsuccessful launches, including the loss of an Atlas-Centaur rocket fired into a lightning storm last March, has further devastated the space program and left it floundering. In a 63-page report prepared for NASA and released last week, Astronaut Sally Ride attempts to set the agency back on track. She argues for an "evolutionary" policy with diverse objectives, rather than a splashy, one-goal venture. Writes Ride, who was the first American woman in space: "It would not be good strategy; good science or good policy for the U.S. to select a single initiative, then pursue it single-mindedly."

Specifically, Ride opposes focusing on a manned mission to Mars by 2005, a project being pushed by many enthusiasts as a great adventure that could capture the public's imagination. "Settling Mars should be our eventual goal," she writes, "but it should not be our next goal." A commitment to Mars, she warns, could imperil NASA's plans to put a shuttle fleet back in operation and build a space station. It would also require a tripling of the agency's budget during the mid-1990s—an unrealistic prospect.

Instead, Ride recommends that the U.S. begin by establishing a lunar outpost that could serve as a research laboratory and enable scientists to exploit the moon's resources. "While exploring the moon," she argues, "we would learn to live and work on a hostile world beyond earth." Mars would logically come next. Such a stepwise approach might also spare re-

sources for other projects. One that Ride endorses: a "mission to planet earth" that would use orbiting space platforms to study the global atmosphere.

Official reaction has been reserved. Agency Head James Fletcher, who assigned Ride to the study, issued a commendatory letter but did not endorse the findings. Ride, who leaves NASA next month for a post at Stanford University, was unavailable for press briefings.

Many space experts fear the report will be ignored, as was an earlier study by a presidential commission led by onetime NASA Administrator Thomas Paine. The neglect, they say, is symptomatic of the nation's current rudderless approach to space exploration, which is ceding leadership to the Soviet Union. Declares Democratic Congressman George Brown Jr., of California, who serves on a House subcommittee on space science: "The fact is that the Administration is not ready to determine the future of the space program."

Other critics complain that NASA has become obsessed with long-term planning. "I think getting the shuttle flying and getting a space station program under way are goals enough for now," says John Logsdon, director of George Washington University's science and public policy program. "We should get on with the program," says James French, who left his job as project director at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory for a position in industry. "I got out because there were too many reports and not enough flying." ■

*By Anastasia Toufexis  
Reported by Jerry Hamilton/Washington*

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# Music

## Mozart, Moses and Money

The Salzburg Festival had scores as well as deals

From the Festung Hohensalzburg, the fortified stone redoubt above the glorious Austrian city where Mozart was born, the old town presents a serene, untrouled vista. But look closer. Down on the Getreidegasse, a narrow medieval street near the Salzach River that is now a pedestrian mall, a motley multinational horde is snapping photos of the ancient house where young Wolfgang first quickened to the sound of his father's violin. Huge tour buses rumble down the streets and across the bridges, daily following the shade of Julie Andrews into the movie-set countryside. The garages are jammed, the restaurants are packed, and there is not a hotel room *frei* within 50 miles.

Welcome to Salzburg, in August the classical-music world's equivalent of Cannes. To be sure, there are no topless starlets, cigar-smoking producers or interminable socialist-realist films from Rumania. Still, the music business has a hype and rhythm all its own. Posters of such performers as Conductor Herbert von Karajan (a native son), Soprano Kathleen Battle, Conductor Riccardo Muti and Violinist Anne-Sophie Mutter are plastered in shop windows. Managers from the U.S. and Europe gather to plot the careers of performers and ensembles. Diners at the swank Goldener Hirsch restaurant near the Festspielhaus burst into applause whenever an artist enters.

Indeed, the hills are alive with the sound of music—and money. The five-week festival is one of the priciest in Europe, with tickets running upwards of \$200 for the major opera productions. For those who can afford it, though, Salzburg affords in return an unparalleled opportunity to display wealth and finery. On the street in front of the Festspielhaus, Mercedes-Benz and BMW luxury sedans steadily disgorge one of the most elegantly dressed summer crowds in Europe, the men in tuxedos or formal Austrian loden coats, the bejeweled women in couturier fantasies and silk dress dirndls. One favorite local pastime is estimating the retail value of the gems on parade between Hirsch and the Festspielhaus before curtain time.

For some 30 years, Salzburg's fortunes have been in the hands of the formidable

Karajan, the dominant conductor of the postwar generation. Now 79, he is debilitated by a series of illnesses and must clutch a special railing as he makes his way to the podium. Those looking for clues to music's most hotly debated question—Karajan's eventual successor at the Berlin Philharmonic—find Salzburg an ideal place to begin speculating.

A couple of years ago, Karajan told an interviewer that he favored either the autumnal Italian conductor Carlo Maria Giulini, 73, former music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, or the vital young Soviet émigré Semyon Bychkov, 34, recently named conductor of the Orchestre de Paris beginning in 1989.

ably gathered on a set that includes a large menorah and Torah scrolls and, on the sides, a Jewish cemetery. Suddenly, khaki-suited, helmeted storm troopers rush in and desecrate the scene. The swift brutality was a provocative *coup de théâtre*—especially in Austria, where memories of the 1938 Nazi invasion are still fresh and where former Wehrmacht Officer Kurt Waldheim now presides.

By the time the evening had ended, though, many were left wondering whether the production was anti-Nazi or anti-Semitic. Schoenberg's libretto makes an explicit extended centerpiece out of the episode of the Golden Calf; gold is collected and formed into an idol; a ritual slaughter of animals is followed by a sacrifice of Four Naked Virgins; there is an orgy of drunkenness, sexual license and suicide. By forsaking emotionally neutral biblical robes for specific ghetto multi-tony Moses, portrayed by Bass-Baritone

Theo Adam, is outfitted in Old Testament garb, Ponnelle risked having the quarrelsome Jews appear like characters in one of Julius Streicher's Nazi racist fantasies, evoking the stereotype of avariciousness and the calumny of blood libel. Even the splendid performances of Adam, British Tenor Philip Langridge as a smooth Aron, and the brilliant chorus of the Vienna State Opera could not erase the disturbing, if unintentional, impression.

More conventional was *Don Giovanni*. Karajan's 1986 recording with largely the same cast seemed sluggish and unfocused, but in the more stimulating environment of live performance, the interpretation

gleamed. His is not the rhythmically incisive, sharply chiseled Mozart currently in favor in the wake of the original-instruments revolution, but a mellow, more reflective interpretation that prizes sonority and melodic beauty. Bass Samuel Ramey was a swaggering antihero, cocky till the end, and Soprano Julia Varady brought a sweet pathos to the obsessive Donna Elvira. Director Michael Hampe's staging was conventional until the climax. When the Commandante dragged the unrepentant Don to perdition, the Iberian setting vanished to reveal a cosmic firmament, quenching the earthly fires of lust in a metaphysical supernova of destruction. The normally bubbly postlude took place on a desolate, Pirandellian stage, on which six characters wandered in search of a composer. That composer, of course, was Mozart, and in Salzburg he is never very far away.

By Michael Walsh



Sensational: Schoenberg's thorny *Moses und Aron* at the Salzburg Festival  
A disturbing mix of storm troopers, menorahs and the Golden Calf.

Few chalk players, however, think the post will go to either. Far more likely is someone like Muti (whose festival poster had him clad in a black leather jacket, à la Karajan in his race-car days), or James Levine, who is cutting back his administrative duties at the Metropolitan Opera to expand his repertory. Certainly Levine's reputation has flourished in Salzburg in recent years. This season he is supervising an elegant *The Marriage of Figaro*, in substantially the same staging as Director Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's New York and Paris versions, and a daring new production of Arnold Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron*, also by Ponnelle.

The thorny *Moses*, an unfinished twelve-tone opera freely adapted from *Exodus*, turned out to be a sensation. It begins with a powerful interpolated silent prologue. A community of black-suited, ringleted and bearded Hasidim is peace-

# People



Seeking gospel inspiration, Franklin goes back to her roots

She has jump-started the blues, steamed up the soul train and zoomed down the freeway of love. Now **Aretha Franklin** is making a return trip to her roots by recording her first gospel album in 15 years. To capture the rapture of a revival, Franklin recorded the album live at Detroit's New Bethel Baptist Church, where the Queen of Soul launched her career 31 years ago with her first album, *The Gospel Sound of Aretha Franklin*. Backed by the church's 100-voice choir, Franklin performed for three nights before packed houses of 4,000 swaying parishioners, moving from such inspiring tunes as *Walk In The Light* and *Oh Happy Day* to a rafter-shaking rendition of *Packing Up, Getting Ready To Go*. The sessions, which will be released by Arista in late October, "brought back so many good memories" for Franklin, who adds, "Gospel just has the inspiration that rock doesn't have."

First Lady **Nancy Reagan** is one of his biggest supporters and **Eleanor Mondale** has signed on as his campaign manager. So who can blame **Morris the Cat** for being confident that he can lick the opposition in the next race for President? The finicky star of 9 Lives cat-food commercials was at the Na-

tional Press Club in Washington last week to announce his candidacy—and his latest promo campaign. "It's about time we had a cat in the White House," says Mondale, 26, who cut her political teeth back in 1984 while stumping for her dad, **Walter Mondale**. Determined not to repeat the mistakes of less nimble candidates, Morris—actually the second feline to bear the name—invited the media to tail him and inspect his nine private lives. "I may shed," he meows, "but I don't shred." With slogans like that, he'll be lucky to win by a whisker.

In his dream the marquee read "Music by **George Gershwin**, Lyrics by **Ira Gershwin**, Book by **Nell Simon**." But as Ameri-

ca's most prolific playwright has learned, dreams, especially in the theater, have a funny way of becoming reality. Thanks to an extraordinary arrangement with the executors of the Gershwin brothers' estate, the author of the current hit play *Broadway Bound* is happily at work on a musical named after their 1937 tune *A Foggy Day*. "The idea had been in the air a long time," reports Simon. "I said I didn't want to adapt and I wanted to use whatever songs I possibly could." Set during 1933 in London and Vienna, the show will include such classic Gershwin numbers as *They Can't Take That Away from Me*, *Lorelei* and *Do, Do, Do*, and is scheduled to open in San Diego next February before going to Broadway. Simon has no



Would you vote for this candidate? Morris stamps in Washington

intention of trying to update the Gershwin oeuvre. Says he: "I'm not about to rewrite Ira Gershwin."

"Is this what acting's all about?" **Patricia Arquette** asked herself while making her first movie, the low-budget *Pretty Smart*, in Athens, Greece. Its blistering midsummer heat had her "almost fainting all the time." Even worse, she complains, "I didn't like my performance at all." But Arquette, 19, was determined to conquer showbiz despite the objections of her older sister. Actress **Rosanna Arquette**, 27 (*Desperately Seeking Susan*, *After Hours*). "She warned me about the hazards of the busi-



Arquette in full bloom

ness." Patricia recalls. Luckily, things have improved. Last spring she received good reviews for her portrait of a pregnant teen in the ABC-TV movie *Daddy*, which was followed by a big part in the summer horror hit *A Nightmare on Elm Street 3*. In her next movie, *Time Out*, she gets to stretch her acting skills even further. "The film is pretty weirdo," she explains. "Everything's kind of Oedipal. A boy is on a bus bound for Los Angeles to look for his father, and I intercept him and steal his money and his heart." And, one suspects, every scene she's in. —**By Guy C. Garcia**, Reported by David E. Thigpen/New York

# Press

Newswatch / Thomas Griffith

## The Best Journalist of His Time

**E**lderly movie actors have one big advantage over aging journalists. The actor may now look his age doing headline commercials, but a younger public brought up on television reruns has a live and fond memory of him at his once best. Yet when a newspaperman like James ("Scotty") Reston, 77, gives up his New York *Times* column after more than 30 years at it, how many outside his own craft recall the days when he was the best journalist of his time?

There are no films of Scotty Reston in his starring days, but as a reporter he was the real thing. He won the first of his two Pulitzer prizes in 1945 after publishing plans for the United Nations drawn up by each of the five powers that would become permanent members of the Security Council. He got all the papers at once but created a bigger sensation by doling out his scoops for days, one at a time. The FBI was put on his trail; an enraged Secretary of State called up Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador, demanding to know whether he had leaked Halifax denied it, then barred Reston from the embassy. Actually, Reston's source was the Chinese.

A stocky, courtly, self-deprecating man, Reston likes to say that "scoops don't come from the top, but from the periphery—from allies, or from congressional committees that have to be told something in advance." Nonetheless, as his reputation as a diplomatic correspondent grew, scoops came from the top too. It was John Foster Dulles who leaked the Yalta papers after Reston persuaded him that Senator Joe McCarthy was making Dulles look bad with informed innuendos about their contents. The *Times* published the full text in 32 pages.

In his eleven years as Washington bureau chief of the *Times*, Reston proved a shrewd man at spotting talent. He also instituted a practice, like a Supreme Court Justice's, of selecting young interns to "clerk" for a year; out of this group came the present bureau chief, Craig Whitney, as well as *Times* correspondents at the White House, the State Department and on Capitol Hill. In Reston they found a hard-working, long-hours boss, congenial colleague and fierce defender of his troops.

His poor and Calvinist upbringing (he was born at Clydebank in Scotland, brought to the U.S. at eleven) instilled a strict moral sense in Reston. As a young reporter covering Franklin Roosevelt he refused to join the "coterie of reporters who played cards with the President at night at Warm Springs" and then in the 1944 election failed to report his weakened health. Such dereliction shocked Reston and put him on guard against presidential intimacy. "In 40 years, I've only been in the living quarters of the White House five times," he says, and disapproves of Columnist George Will's "taking Nancy Reagan to lunch."

In covering Presidents he kept a professional distance. Eisenhower once demanded, "Who does Scotty think he is, telling me how to run the country?" Nixon put Reston on his

enemies list, "which was all right with me." Reston was the first reporter to interview John Kennedy in Vienna when the young President, fresh from his Bay of Pigs disaster, emerged "terribly shaken" from his meeting with Khrushchev. Humiliated by the Russian, Kennedy realized he would have to beef up American defenses, mentioning Viet Nam to Reston, and thus, in Reston's view, "starting us down that slippery slope." When Reagan was elected, Reston—who had been uninspired by his candidacy—was in the first group of columnists invited to an intimate dinner at the White House. "He was awfully nice, but it was no go," Reston says. "We asked him questions and were fed anecdotes."

Reston began to write his Washington column back in 1953. He had been invited by Publisher Philip Graham of the Washington *Post* to "come over and run the paper." I was never really tempted, but I used it to bargain at the *Times*, which countered by offering him the column (fear of losing Russell Baker, Tom Wicker and Anthony Lewis, Reston adds, got these colleagues their columns too). In 1968, during a crisis, he was asked to run the *Times*; he reluctantly did so for a time. Looking back, he says, "I was never happy in New York, and never a good executive editor, while still trying to write the column."

That column, appearing in 330 American papers, is what a later generation knows of Reston. Brought up in the *Times* tradition

that opinions were to be expressed only in editorials, he thought of his own role as chiefly an explainer of the news. He was never an ideologue. In the days when the old Washington establishment still mattered, Reston, with his own unparalleled knowledge and acquaintances in the capital, would write confidently of what "this town" thinks, which is even more presumptuous than hazarding what "the White House" or "the Pentagon" is said to think. Turning out two or three columns a week, over 5,000 of them, and never missing a deadline, Reston sometimes let such thermostatic impressionism substitute for hard reporting. As the years went by, a younger generation of journalists saw complacency, not tolerance, in his readiness to give each new President the benefit of the doubt, or in his avuncular reminders that the country had survived other crises.

Sometimes Reston's optimism about America, when unbuttressed by evidence, could sound like Reagan—or like Polonius ("Things here are seldom as good or as bad as most people think they are"). He was always better when rescued by events that stirred a Calvinist rage, as during his final months as columnist when Reagan's misdeeds and inadequacies incensed Reston. He believes the country's problems are solvable if there is honest public dialogue, and if the U.S. is governed by "noble models" instead of what he regards as this Administration's encouragement of greed. Reston bounces off to semireirement, defining himself in his farewell column as an "up-to-date, stick-in-the-mud optimist."



Scotty Reston in his Washington office

A dynamic photograph of a golfer in mid-swing, wearing a blue polo shirt and pink pants. The background is a stunning aerial view of a coastline with turquoise waters, white sandy beaches, and a dense green landscape. The sky is filled with soft, white clouds.

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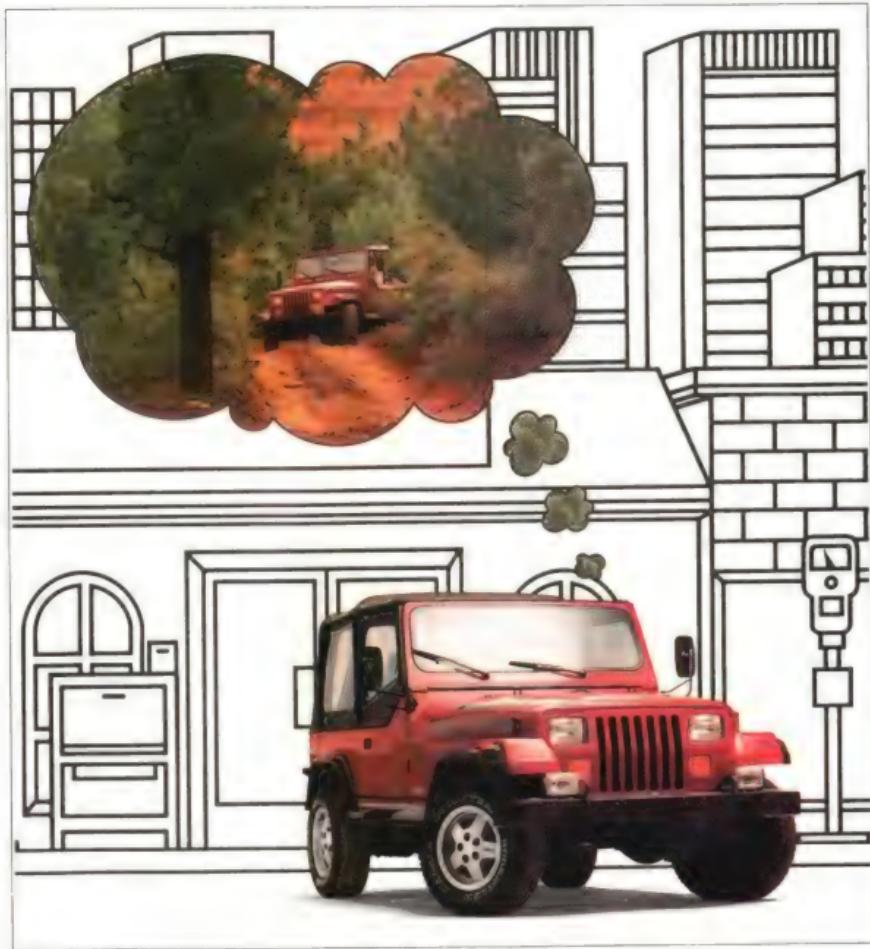
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## Books

### A Case of Divided Loyalties

FREEDOM by William Safire; Doubleday; 1,125 pages; \$24.95

This behemothian novel comes from a surprising source. William Safire has largely made his reputation through epigrammatic feistiness and hit-and-run repartee. As a speechwriter in the Nixon White House, he gave Spiro Agnew the epithets and alliterations ("nattering nabobs of negativism") to attack liberal opponents of Administration policies. In 1973 he became a columnist for the *New York Times*, just as Watergate began to drag his conservative cause and many former colleagues into disrepute. Safire not only survived that debacle but prevailed: he won a Pulitzer Prize in 1978, and his twice-a-week columns continue to display reportorial zeal and refreshing unpredictability. At the conclusion of the Iran-contra hearings, for example, he lectured his "fewer contra supporters" on the necessity of prosecuting members of the White House staff who broke the law. Away from politics, Safire writes essays in the Sunday *New York Times Magazine* on language, its uses and abuses, and has become a formidable pop grammarian.

Nothing in his past accomplishments suggests that Safire would produce a tedious and seemingly endless work of fiction. In fact, *Full Disclosure* (1977), his first novel, was a sprightly, best-selling account of a beleaguered White House not entirely unlike Nixon's. But *Freedom* is another, infinitely longer story. Subtitled *A Novel of Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War*, the book inches its way from May 1861, shortly after the Confederate forces fire on Fort Sumter, to Jan. 1, 1863, when President Lincoln signs the Emancipation Proclamation. This takes just under 1,000 pages, followed by about 130 more, which Safire calls the "Underbook," where he discusses the sources of his information and reveals where and how he embroidered on the record. Capping all that is a selective bibliography of more than 300 books, articles and pamphlets that informed his research.

*Freedom*, in other words, is a case of divided loyalties, not only in its subject matter—a nation at bitter war with itself—but in its execution. For in trying to pay equal respect to the

demands of truth and fiction, Safire strays his novel in a no-man's-land between concrete facts and illuminating imagination. He recognizes this dilemma and tries to pass it off as a virtue: "The reader of any historical novel asks, 'How much of this is true?'" But many readers surely have more urgent questions, such as "How much of this is vivid and interesting?" or "Why should I turn the page?"

The answers provided by *Freedom* are not encouraging. For one thing, it is difficult in 1987 to generate much suspense over whether or not Lincoln will free the slaves. Curiosities have to be piqued by something other than the plot. But Safire does not seem to acknowledge this necessity. His narrative is hobbled to a crawl by

the freight of information it must carry. Characters are rarely allowed to act and think like recognizable human beings; instead, they must constantly remind themselves (and possibly forgetful readers) just who they are and what they have done. Hence Union General John Fremont muses about his wife: He "knew that she never thought of herself merely as Mrs. John Charles Fremont, wife of the first senator from California, wife of the first Republican candidate for President in 1856, now wife of the commander of the Army of the West." Hence a young rebel soldier in a tight spot wonders, "What would his father do? He was a former senator, a former Vice President of the United States, a general in the Confederate Army, a man of the law." In Safire's hands, character analysis boils down to a matter of reeling off résumés.

In the Underbook, the author displays commendable candor in disclosing what parts of his story are invented. He notes that a love affair between Senator John Breckinridge of Kentucky and Anna Ella Carroll, a pro-Union pamphleteer, did not really happen. The trouble is, it hardly happens in the narrative either. When Breckinridge and Carroll get together, the passion they expend takes the form of abstract debate: "Two nights before, in her rooms at the Ebbitt House, they had stayed up through the dawn arguing the details of the President's war power." So much for titillation.

In fact, Safire consistently skimps on physical descriptions. Photographers reach Antietam, the scene of the bloodiest battle in American history. What does it look like? How does it feel to be in the middle of unimaginable carnage? Safire dispenses of such questions in two perfunctory sentences. Then he gets to the important part, a detailed exposition of how photographs are made, circa 1862: "He coated a sheet of glass with collodion, the gunpowder dissolved in alcohol and sulphuric ether mixed with a little bromide and iodide of potassium they had compounded the night before."

Ultimately, the urge to inform overrides the obligation to entertain. Perhaps punditry is not the best preparation for fiction. Safire the columnist is entitled to his belief that the stuff of life can be summed up in political thrills and parries. Safire the novelist would have been better off if he had allowed himself, and his imagination, more freedom.

—By Paul Gray

#### Excerpt

"Lincoln looked at Seward, seated to his right. 'The time for the enunciation of the emancipation policy can no longer be delayed. Public sentiment, I think, will sustain it, and many of our warmest friends and supporters demand it.' He shifted his attention toward Chase, considered by all the most overtly pious man in the room, adding, 'And I promised my God that I would do it. It might be thought strange that I submitted the disposal of matters this way. The rebel army is now driven out . . . God has decided this question in favor of the slaves.'





Aksyonov: politicians should not jog

## Silver Lining

IN SEARCH OF MELANCHOLY BABY

by Vassily Aksyonov

Translated by Michael Henry Heim  
and Antonina W. Bouis

Random House, 227 pages: \$15.95

**M**idnight in Moscow, and Vassily Aksyonov, like many young Soviets in the 1950s, would find himself in some dark cellar listening to American jazz from pirated records cut on used X-ray plates. "Jazz on Bones," he and his friends called that marriage of music and medicine. "From the moment I heard a recording of *Melancholy Baby* . . ." he recalls. "I couldn't get enough of the revelation coming to me through the shadows of ribs and alveoli; namely, that 'every cloud must have a silver lining.'"

Aksyonov knew from clouds. His father, a Communist Party official, and his mother, a distinguished historian, spent nearly two decades in labor camps and Siberian exile during the Stalin years. He was raised in provincial Kazan as an aunt, completed medical school in Leningrad and became a popular though officially censured novelist. *The Burn*, his fictional account of Stalin-era Siberia, was published abroad in 1980. For that offense he was stripped of his Soviet citizenship while traveling in the U.S. and found himself stranded there.

That cloud, at least, turns out to be silver-lined. In this entertaining account of his Americanization, Aksyonov finds a country as exasperating as his own. His life becomes a feast of surprises, like TV newscasts with little real news but lots of murder, unemployment and homelessness, just like the Soviet press carries about the U.S. The solipsism of American novelists distresses him, as do the squalor of the South Bronx, the smell of popcorn in movie theaters and the fondness of Washington politicians for jogging. "Public figures are not to be seen running through the streets of Moscow with their trousers off," he notes disapprovingly.

At the same time, Aksyonov discovers heroic all-beef patties (*gamburgery*, as Russians call them) and college students

who tackle his Soviet-literature courses with gusto, as well as enough fellow immigrants so that he never has to feel insecure about his English. The transplanted jazz fan is disappointed to learn that his beloved music has been shrouded out of the marketplace by rock. But he gains a grudging, un-Marxist respect for the market itself. "The sad fact," he writes, "is that the human race has failed to invent a system of economic relations more natural than money." He even comes to appreciate American football and shows a visiting Soviet the televised carnage. Says the awestruck guest: "A country that plays this game is invincible!"

Aksyonov is sometimes a bit too fascinated with subjects Americans take for granted, like big cars, surly bureaucrats and the "notorious checked trousers and flower-laden hats" of the elderly. Nonetheless, the message of *Melancholy Baby* is reassuring: America is still the immigrant's silver lining, tarnished by its blandness but ennobled by its generosity. "I see more than the bright windows of my new home," Aksyonov concludes. "I see its mildewed corners as well. I trust that if I point them out my new country won't throw me out." Not to worry. America tends to welcome its satirists, even smother them with affection. In fact, the danger for Aksyonov is that, like sharp-minded émigrés before him, he will become so fond of the place that his criticism will lose its bite. —By Donald Morrison

## Demon's Grip

YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS

by Joyce Carol Oates

Dutton: 436 pages: \$19.95

**R**eferences to Joyce Carol Oates are usually modified by "prolific," used in a sniffling way as if she were promiscuous with her word processor. The idea that nice authors don't write around (18 novels, dozens of short stories, poems, criticism and a book on boxing) is consistent with a period that is excessively self-conscious about its artistic urges. It is unlikely that Victor Hugo, Balzac or Trollope was ever accused of scriptomania.

A more reasonable complaint is that Oates' taste for disaster frequently exceeds the appetite of her readers. This was not always so, especially in earlier novels like *them* (1969), a tale of desperate lives played out over 30 years, from the Depression to the Detroit riots of 1967. Timing helped; the agitated style of the book matched the panicky mood of the '60s.

*You Must Remember This* is about the less noisy desperation of the 1950s. For some it was the threshold of the affluent society. For the Stevick family of "Port Oriskany," an industrial city in western New York State, the decade is their introduction to the Age of Anxiety. The H-bomb, the Korean War and McCarthyism affect different Stevicks in different ways. Father Lyle, bookish owner of a secondhand furniture store, builds a bomb

shelter in his backyard. Mother Hannah worries that this means they will never move from the sliding neighborhood, and Son Warren, wounded at Imjin, returns home to join the nuclear-disarmament movement.

Oates' sharpest focus is on Daughter Enid, 15, a model student, talented pianist and promising gymnast. On page one, the girl locks herself in the bathroom and swallows 47 aspirins. The reason is a recent sexual encounter with an uncle. Felix Stevick is an ex-prizefighter, a local hero with enough low animal cunning to trade in real estate and keep a dirty secret. Incest later turns into a full-blown affair, documented in harsh and steamy detail.

The generation of the '50s was not dubbed "Silent" for nothing. Understandably, Enid does not tell anyone about her taboo love life. She had even failed to leave a suicide note. In contrast to later decades, the Eisenhower years did not encourage the confessional style, or discussions about teenage sexuality and domestic forms of statutory rape.

Enid Stevick is clearly intended to be a victim of her time, but she is also a willing prisoner of passion. One of Oates' main subjects has always been the irrational nature of intense feelings. Love, says Warren near book's end, "seems to carry with it no knowledge." The same could be said of lust, fear and anger, emotions that are generously apportioned to the novel's characters. The effect is dramatic but limiting, like old-fashioned literary naturalism in which free will is swamped by determinism and animal instincts.

Unlike so many of her contemporaries, Oates has the imagination and the ambition to attempt a big novel. But she overdoes it, as if in the grip of a writing demon. Frequently the book seems compiled rather than composed, facts and fiction accreting into a formidable but unshapely mass. There are even chunks on boxing in the '50s, as if the fight game had the same historical impact as the Rosenberg trial or the policies of "Engine Charley" Wilson, the Secretary of Defense. *You Must Remember This* takes lots of wild swings; it is what happens when a fearless slugger goes toe to toe with a big, elusive opponent.

—By R.Z. Sheppard



Oates: love carries no knowledge

# Living

## A New Age Dawning

*Oomm... around the world*

**S**unday, Aug. 16, 5 a.m. The faithful arrived on the shores of the Atlantic. At Sagaponack Beach on Long Island, N.Y., they spread their blankets, then sat down, crossed their legs, closed their eyes, lifted palms upward and waited intently for the sunrise. With the first blush of light across the horizon, the throng unleashed a high-velocity "oomm" that rivaled a swarm of yellow jacks.

The same morning, at an Indian burial site in Cartersville, Ga., 75 believers gathered. They sat in small groups and burned incense and sage. One man produced a tortoiseshell on which he arranged some amethysts. As the darkness dissolved, yoga practitioners began a series of alarming birdlike maneuvers.

On Mount Shasta in northern California, 5,000 pilgrims shivered on the rocky, fir-covered slopes. Before the sun's rays warmed the night, a solitary woman, crouching on a sheepskin, began to beat a drum. Sounds of flutes and songs filled the air, and tears streamed down the faces of three women wrapped in Indian blankets. They passionately believed the solemn intonation of Participant Shirley Stanfield: "Expect to be changed forever."

What was going on here? Well, it all seems to have started in the inventive head of José Argüelles, an erstwhile art historian who is a dedicated publicist for his book *The Mayan Factor: Path Beyond Technology* (Bear Publishing, Santa Fe). To anyone who would listen, Argüelles argued that his studies of ancient Mayan calendars showed that the "materialistic" world would end on Aug. 16—when three planets lined up with the new moon—unless 144,000 true believers gathered in various "sacred sites" around the world and "resonated" sufficiently to bring on a new age of peace and harmony.

Through the New Age cults, which include devotees of Indian gurus, flying saucers, holistic medicine, tarot cards and you name it, the word spread: the sky is falling. Alternate version: let's have a party, potluck, and bring your own drums. A Palo Alto, Calif., outfit called Global Family set up a telephone network. And since this is August and there isn't much news, the press got out its own drums.

The harmonic linkups attracted TV crews, the vaguely curious, hi-tech yuppies, shaggy hipsters and even the odd businessman. Said one Wall Street investment banker who went to Sagaponack: "I never thought I'd get involved in this sort of thing. It's easy to pass off the group as certifiable, but the more people who are continuously working on



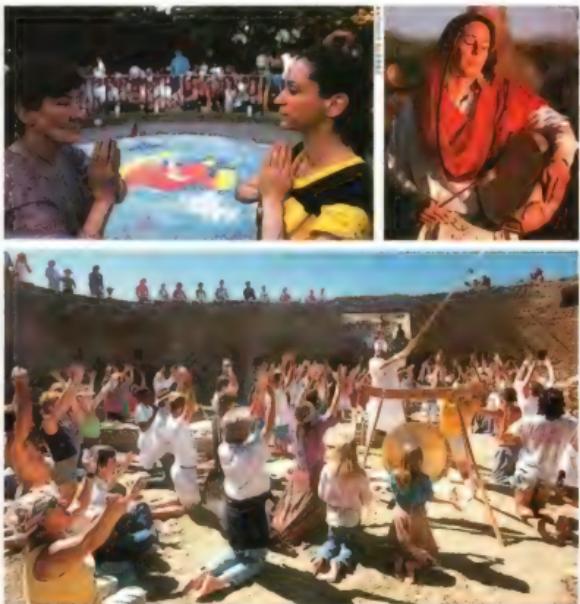
New Age disciples greet the dawn on Mount Tamalpais in Marin County, Calif.

overcoming conflict, the happier we'll be."

Many of the New Agers brought their crystals to expose to the rising sun so the gems would be "charged" with its energy. Joyce Reynolds, who wore a cluster around her neck, explained, "These do for the body what microchips do for the computer." Other satisfied participants had warm memories. Said Jackie Murray, who climbed Harvey Peak in South Dakota with her husband and two children: "I hope that is the tranquility we feel when we die. I do believe something universally happened this weekend."

As for the prophetic planetary lineup, Dr. William Gooch of Hayden Planetarium in Manhattan affirms that Mars, Venus and Mercury will pass behind the sun during the last week of August. But, he adds, "as far as science is concerned, there is absolutely nothing unusual about the day. Events like this happen quite regularly. It just depends on which group of planets you choose to pick. The only cycle I see is that a lot of people want to get back to hippie days." —By Martha Smigis.

Reported by Mary Cronin/New York and Michael Riley/Mount Shasta



Clockwise: meditation in Central Park; lone drummer and guru gathering in New Mexico

# Food



Stoking up at Bananas, a New York City jungle clearing

## It's a Tropical Heat Wave

Fantasy restaurants inspired by the sunny Caribbean

It is nightfall on Macumba Landing. Wild cries of birds and the trumpeting of elephants come from the nearby bush. A sign warns of a deadly piranha and frequent native attacks. From a downed Cessna lying wrecked in the tropical greenery come eerie blinks of emergency lights, revealing the mock skeleton of a pilot. Adventurers gather, some wearing the suits of corporate strivers, others in guerrilla battle dress or the Panama hats of dissolute plantation owners. But as waiters serve frosty pastel drinks, yam chips and shrimp fritters, it is obvious this is no jungle clearing, no stage set for *The Emperor Jones*. It is the garden of Bananas, a new, good Brazilian-style hot spot in Manhattan that is cashing in on the nationwide fad for tropical restaurants.

Encouraged by the success of the excellent Claire, a breezy offshoot of a Key West, Fla., restaurant that opened in New York City in 1982, restaurateurs are playing to the enduring dream of an island paradise that has beguiled such disparate spirits as Gau-guin and Gilligan. The idea is to create a Caribbean state of mind, drawing inspiration from Key West to Trinidad, with occasional wide detours to Brazil and Mexico, and stressing décor and drinks. The palette runs to hot pink, orange and turquoise that sparkles even in drinks made with blue curaçao—concoctions that may look suspiciously like Windex to the uninitiated. Frozen in slush machines, the rainbow

drinks of tropical fruits and assorted rums, vodkas and liqueurs sport such names as Bora Bora, Goombay Smash and Creamsickle, and have instant appeal to the Kool-Aid generation.

Unlike the eclectic, subtle cuisine at Claire, most restaurants have menus that stick close to or are adapted from native specialties. Coconut-covered shrimp, plantains, codfish and conch in various guises, and the marinated, then grilled jerk chicken and pork are among coast-to-coast favorites. Along with callaloo (a soup of crab meat, kale and pork) and Jamaican meat patties, the chef at Manhattan's Sugar Reef also dishes up the aptly named but pallid "trendy wrapped fish" (perch cooked in banana leaves). At the Sugar Shack in Los Angeles, Cuban Moors and Christians (black beans and

white rice) are offered with Caesar salad. The Indigo Coastal Grill in Atlanta adds Mexican *carnitas* and seviche.

Some restaurateurs are introducing Carib accents to existing menu themes. Among them is Roger Greenfield, the owner of Chicago's Dixie Bar & Grill. Lobster calypso, jerk chicken and pork, conch chowder and Jamaican Red Stripe beer are now on his basically Cajun menu. At the Omni International Hotel in Norfolk, Va., Food and Beverage Assistant General Manager Michael Przybyla is featuring a two-month tropical-night promotion with "gentrified Caribbean" food adapted for a conservative clientele.

More outposts are being readied for opening. In Santa Barbara, Calif., Steven Sponder, proprietor of the Cajun-Creole Palace Cafe, is planning Key Largo, scheduled to open next January. "In one word, it's Hemingway," says Sponder of his new venture. Bruce Monette of Southern Exposure in Boulder has big dreams for his Southern and Caribbean food, to be served in a 19th century stone building. "It will appeal to students, professionals, Buddhist vegetarians and steak-and-potato traditionalists," he boasts.

Bending to the tropical trade winds is Bombay Palace Restaurants Inc., best known for its 17 Indian restaurants in the U.S., Canada, London and Hong Kong. Last year the company opened two New York tropical outposts: a bar called Bamboo Bernies, and Panama City, an East Side singles hangout that is usually mobbed, more a tribute to its \$2 drinks served during happy hour than to the dreadful food. Management contemplates more Panama City installations. Also betting on the tropical trend is the Dallas-based S & A Restaurant Corp., a subsidiary of the Pillsbury Co. Having successfully launched the Key West Grill in Clearwater, Fla., last year, Vice President Dennis Hood cloned a branch in Dallas three months ago, where a waiting line forms 15 minutes after opening. Hood projects \$4 million in sales for the Dallas Grill this year and in 1988 hopes to open three others "up North." Modeled after Key West gingerbread mansions, the Grills dish up Floridian seafood with Jamaican accents. Observes Hood: "This is a sit-back-and-loosen-your-tie type of place. Yuppies are drawn to that."

How long they will be drawn is the question.

—By Mimi Sheraton.  
Reported by Sara Anst/New York  
and Janet Sanzo/Chicago

## Executive Toque

Pending results of security and medical checks, a new chef will be in command of the White House kitchen. He is Jon Hill, 33, of Spokane, who is considered a master of ice and tallow sculpture, and has cooked mostly in kitchens of the Westin hotel chain since he graduated from the Greenbrier Culinary Apprenticeship Program in West Virginia.



CHEF JON HILL

In. For the past year, he has been executive chef at the Westin Cypress Creek, in Fort Lauderdale. White House sources say that Hill's appointment is by no means assured, but he has already been approved by Nancy Reagan. If he is officially named, Hill will replace Swiss-born Henry Haller, who retires after 21 years. Asked if being a native American was an essential requirement, White House spokesman replied, "No. Just preferable. You know, by Americans for Americans, and all that."

# Essay

## History Without Letters

Pity the poor historian. The wonders of modern technology have combined with the dynamics of government scandals to make his task next to impossible.

First came the telephone, which replaced the letter as the preferred means of business and social discourse. Letter writing, like keeping faithful diaries, became a lost art. The advent of the tape recorder offered some hope, until Watergate made taping one's own phone for posterity seem both sordid and self-incriminating. Anointing a personal Boswell to hang around the house also turned out to be troublesome, as shown by the ill-conceived rumblings about summoning Edmund Morris, the President's designated biographer, to testify before the Iran-contra probbers. Not even silicon chips offer much promise anymore. Those electronic messages that national-security staffers zapped to one another's computer screens, which were fortunately recorded in deep memory for future scribes, violated the cardinal rule of modern government: never leave footprints. Electronic memory shredders will, no doubt, be a feature of the next generation of DELETE keys.

As a result, historians may be left with nothing more than cabinets filled with butt-covering memos designed more to obscure than illuminate the origins of critical decisions. "It's a real problem," says Morris. "There is more paper now, but its value declines in inverse proportion to its bulk."

One of the great troves for students of 20th century American diplomacy was left by Henry Stimson, a tireless diarist and letter writer who served a number of stints as Secretary of War and State from 1911 until 1945. Stimson was the man who ordered the dismantling of a government code-breaking outfit, later explaining "Gentlemen do not read other people's mail." This mind-set led to some very frank and revealing letters and diary entries. Historians piecing together the momentous decisions of World War II have the luxury of comparing personal writings in which Stimson and Navy Secretary James Forrestal describe the same sets of events.

Of course, some letters are a bit dry and impersonal, like those of General George Marshall. But others impart an intimate texture to the tide of history. The candid correspondence between Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill, for example, casts vivid light on the minds of these two great men and the depth of the wartime alliance that they were able to forge. Likewise, Eleanor Roosevelt wrote letters every day. "They provide a diary of the movement of her psyche," says Joseph Lash. "Without them, *Eleanor and Franklin and Eleanor: The Years Alone* could not have been written."

In a satiric essay called "Igor Stravinsky: The Selected Phone Calls," the humorist Ian Frazier pretends to rummage through old telephone bills for clues to the composer's life. For serious historians, the situation seems less funny. "I know more about the Kennedy assassination than anyone," says William Manchester, author of *The Death of a President*. "But I know more about the Dardanelles in 1915 than I do about the assassination. In 1915, people put everything on paper. Now, it's all done over the telephone." Notes Historian Barbara Tuchman:

"Phone bills won't tell you much, and as a result, contemporary history has less perspective."

The last President to leave a cache of candid correspondence was Harry Truman, who wrote more than 1,200 letters just to his wife. Not only do they reveal his delightful personal style, they provide convincing insights on matters ranging from his dealings with Stalin to his decision to drop the atom bomb. There is even a book filled with letters that Truman wrote in moments of pique, then wisely filed away unmailed. His diaries, though intermittent, are no less revealing. In June 1945, as General Douglas MacArthur was closing in on the islands near Japan, Truman's entries foreshadow the bitter personal battles that lay ahead. He describes the general as "Mr. Prima Donna, Brass Hat Five Star MacArthur" in one entry and adds, "He's worse than the Cabots and the Lodges—they at least talked to one another before they told God what to do."

Robert Caro, now at work on the second volume of his definitive biography of Lyndon Johnson, says the historical record abruptly changes in the early 1940s, when people began to rely on the telephone more than the mail. "Through Johnson's detailed correspondence with his patron Alvin Wirtz and others, you could trace the most intricate deals and such matters as his stormy relationship with Sam Rayburn," says Caro. "Then, at a crucial moment, just when you want to know what someone is thinking, you'll run into a telegram or note saying 'Phone me tonight.' That's when you feel the impact of the telephone right in your gut." In researching L.B.J.'s role in the passage of the 1957 Civil Rights Bill, Caro says he has been reduced to deciphering scrawls at the bottom of telephone-message slips.

Back when the telephone was a relatively new contraption, people often regarded it as too ephemeral for important communications. Averell Harriman and Robert Lovett, two great statesmen who had been Wall Street partners, talked on the phone regularly when they were apart and then would exchange letters the same afternoon, putting to paper what they had said. "As I told you over the telephone this morning . . ." they would typically begin. Back then, of course, the post was more efficient: the letter would usually arrive before the next morning's phone conversation.

Their successors, on the other hand, abandoned letters in favor of obfuscating memos when it came to discussing, say, the Viet Nam War. Some of the most candid records of that period come from times when a few of the old statesmen were called in for counsel and then, as was their wont, exchanged letters about what they had discussed.

Harriman was one of those who believed in having important telephone conversations transcribed for his files. His personal papers describe a classic exchange with Robert Kennedy, who phoned after announcing on television that he was challenging President Johnson for the Democratic nomination. Kennedy: "I'm running for President." Harriman: "Next time tell the children to smile. Ethel looked great. The kids looked bored." Kennedy: "They were." Harriman: "I don't expect to



## Essay

have a press conference soon, but if it does come around, I'm going to support the President."

Franklin Roosevelt was the first to set up a secret taping system in the Oval Office. A microphone was hidden in his desk lamp to record his press conferences, though some private talks got taped as well. In a conversation recorded in October 1940, Roosevelt had this reaction to a telegram written by a Japanese press official: "This country is ready to pull the trigger if the Japs do anything."

John Kennedy likewise used a rudimentary recording system. The tapes from such dramatic conversations as his telephone showdown with Governor Ross Barnett during the Ole Miss desegregation crisis provide historians with raw data that is even more gripping than most old letters. But Richard Nixon spoiled it all by going too far, both in what he said and how he recorded it.

As a result, taping phone conversations came to be regarded as terribly sleazy. At least a dozen states have laws against such secret self-taps, as U.S. Information Agency Director Charles Wick was reminded when he tried to resurrect the practice.

The national penchant for exposing as quickly as possible everything done by public officials, which is codified by the Freedom of Information Act, is, on balance, a good thing for democracy. But it is not the best thing for history. It has taught statesmen to be very careful about what they put on paper. "For all its advantages, the FOIA inhibits people from writing," says Robert Donovan, whose noted biographies of Truman depended heavily on letters and frank memos. "Officials shred it all now. A lot of serious history is vanishing."

Future historians will no doubt find different source material. Instead of rummaging through the Beinecke Library at Yale, they will spend their time in video archives watching old

segments of *Nightline* and the MacNeil-Lehrer report. "So much is preserved in audio and visual these days," says Morris, "that it gives you much of a person's life and demeanor." Well, yes, the historians of the next century will be a lot more accurate in their portrayal of how people looked and spoke. But it is naive to believe that the way Caspar Weinberger answers a Ted Koppel question about America's stake in the Persian Gulf could provide the same candid insight that is available in Dean Acheson's letters to his daughter on the same subject during the Iranian crisis 41 years ago.

One solution would be to make it once again respectable—perhaps even mandatory—to tape important discussions and phone conversations for the historical record. The tapes would become the property of the National Archives and could be tightly sealed from all scrutiny for at least two decades, the way that sensitive diplomatic cables were generally treated before the Freedom of Information Act came along. But aside from the legal and practical questions involved, such an idea would face philosophic objections: it could be seen as both an unwarranted invasion of privacy and a dangerous attempt to preserve the privacy of important exchanges.

Then again, preserving such a record may not be worth the vast effort, expense or constraints involved. After all, only history is at stake. But if top officials knew in the back of their minds that future generations were listening in, it might have a salutary effect on the present. Had the judgment of history been hovering over their shoulders, the architects of the Iran-contra affair, for example, might have reflected a moment longer on the long-term implications of their actions. Indeed, the dulling of our historical sense could be one reason that the U.S. needs so many special prosecutors these days.

—By Walter Isaacson



## Milestones

**SEEKING DIVORCE.** Sarah Kyolaba Amin, 32, aspiring model; from *Idi Amin Dada*, barbarous former dictator of Uganda who was deposed in 1979; after twelve years of marriage, five children; in Bonn, where she has been living in political asylum. A West German court last week issued a subpoena to inform Amin, who has reportedly been in exile in Jidda, Saudi Arabia, since 1983. A Muslim, he divorced three other wives a year before marrying her.

**DIVORCED.** Mercedes Kellogg, chic Iranian-born Manhattanite whose high-powered partying thrust her into the social spotlight; and **Francis L. Kellogg**, 70, retired mining executive and special assistant with ambassadorial rank to the Secretary of State in the 1970s; after 15 years of marriage; in New York City. Mrs. Kellogg has been linked romantically for the past year with Texas Billionaire Sid Richardson Bass, who filed last month for a divorce from Anne Hendricks Bass, his wife of 22 years.

**SENTENCED.** Donald Harvey, 35, former hospital orderly who since 1970 methodically killed dozens of patients, insisting that he merely wanted to relieve their suf-

fering; to four life sentences for the murder of 25 people; in Cincinnati. Nicknamed the "Angel of Death" because he was often nearby when a patient died, Harvey plea-bargained his way out of the electric chair by confessing. Twenty murders were committed at Cincinnati's Drake Hospital in the 14 months before his April arrest. Harvey has admitted to killing more than 50 people in all, often with cyanide, at times with arsenic, rat poison or petroleum distillate; the total would make him a serial killer with one of the largest known numbers of victims in U.S. history. He will be eligible for parole at 95.

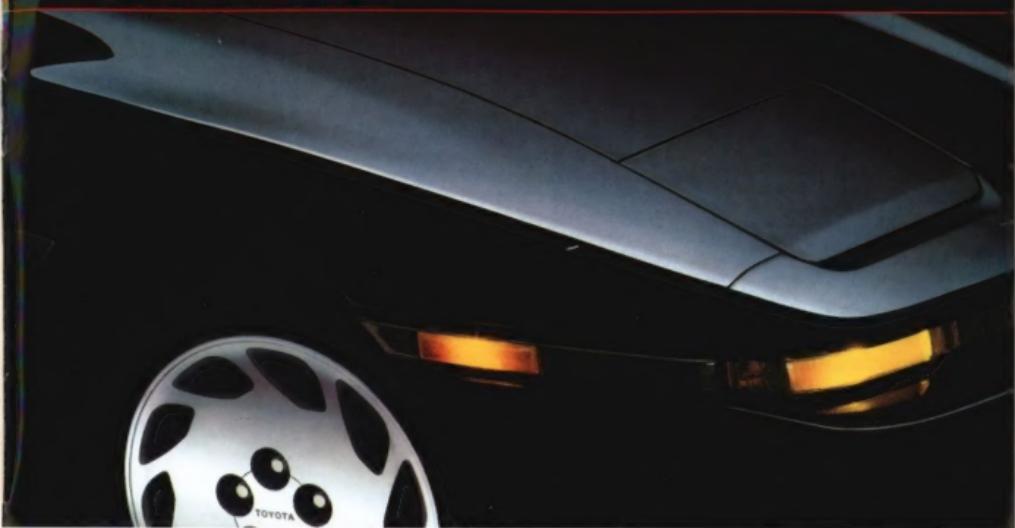
**DIED.** Peter Schidlof, 65, violinist of the Britain-based Amadeus Quartet, one of the world's great chamber-music ensembles; of a heart attack; in Sunderland, Cumbria, England. Austrian-born and Jewish, Schidlof fled the Nazis in 1938, settling in England, where, during a wartime internment, he met two other Austrian refugees, Violinists Norbert Brainin and Siegmund Nissel. In 1948, after British Cellist Martin Lovett joined the three, the Amadeus Quartet began four decades together, during which they appeared at 4,000 concerts worldwide and sold millions of records, including the complete quartets of Bee-

thoven, Mozart and Schubert. Their unity in performance became legendary. The three survivors will not seek to replace Schidlof, and so the Amadeus Quartet died with him.

**DIED.** Samuel Lubell, 75, public opinion analyst, author and syndicated columnist whose polling technique mixed statistical social science with the personal insight of a good interviewer and made him a leading political prognosticator in the 1950s and '60s, in Los Angeles. A journalist, he got his start in polling when the *Saturday Evening Post* asked him to analyze President Roosevelt's third victory, in 1940. Arming himself with data on previous elections, Lubell liked to select heretofore consistent cities or districts that exhibited a change and then go listening door to door until he understood the causes.

**DIED.** Clarence Brown, 97, innovative motion-picture director who was among the first to shoot on location and then "loop" or record all voices and sound effects in a studio; in Santa Monica, Calif. His more than 50 films, including *Anna Karenina*, *The Human Comedy*, *National Velvet* and *The Yearling*, won him no Oscars but six nominations as best director.

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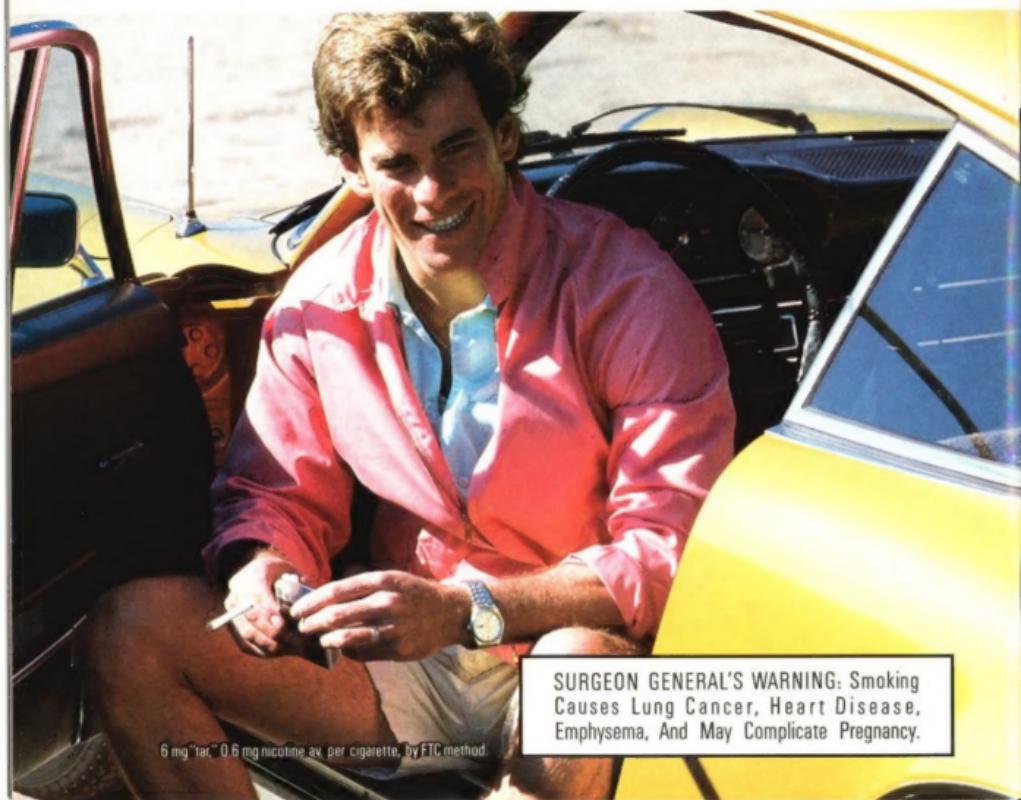
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